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The Week

WITH the election over, and with the end of his own term of office approaching, President Coolidge evidently feels entitled to speak in less guarded tones than heretofore. His Armistice Day address was remarkable not only for what he said but for the vigor with which he scolded both European and American critics of the foreign policy this nation has pursued since the War. He boasted that after the conclusion of hostilities we saved Europe from "starvation and ruin," insisting that we made no profit from the War, and that its total cost to us will ultimately be a hundred billions, or half our national wealth in 1917. He declared we must lend no money to Europe to be used there in increasing armaments, coupling this with the practical financial advice that American investors can get higher interest rates at home. While he praised the Kellogg treaty, he argued that we must still have a powerful navy, rendered necessary by our vast foreign trade and our increasingly import-

ant interests in all parts of the world. Specifically, he urged that we must have not only parity but more than parity with Great Britain in cruisers, because of our lack of merchant ships capable of being armed: "Having few fueling stations, we require ships of large tonnage, and having scarcely any merchant vessels capable of mounting five- or six-inch guns, it is obvious that, based on needs, we are entitled to a larger number of warships than a nation having these advantages." To these challenging words he added a repetition of America's desire to bring about limitation of armament, and a hope that some good may come of the next meeting of the Preparatory Commission of the League of Nations.

WITH the technical side of this argument it is difficult for laymen to deal; Mr. Coolidge himself undoubtedly takes his opinions from the Navy Department's experts, who may or may not be capable of giving a fair and impartial view of the situation. The English say that the possession of a merchant fleet is to them a reason for having more cruisers of their own, rather than fewer. They also observe that their large total number of sixty-eight cruisers, quoted by Mr. Coolidge, includes forty small ships built for use only in the North Sea, and twenty-six other, larger ships of pre-war design as compared with America's post-war thirty-three. Of such arguments, however, there is never any end, unless that end be war. No matter how many ships you may possess, the experts will always prove that "vital necessity" requires you to have twice as many. There is no middle ground between the threat of a naval race and an appeal for naval limitation based on a friendly mutual approach to the great problem involved, an approach which, if the Kellogg treaty means anything at all, should be more possible at this moment than ever before in history. Mr. Coolidge faced a great opportunity in his Armistice Day address, and failed to take advantage of it. European critics of our foreign policy will not be convinced by his arguments, which lacked any winning quality. Long after what he said has been forgotten, the antagonistic tone, so far from any appeal for coöperation, will be remembered and counted against us.

ONE of the most irritating to Europe, as well as one of the least well founded passages in President Coolidge's speech was that in which he intimated that the large amounts of capital loaned by Americans in European countries since the Armistice were sent abroad for beneficent rather than business reasons, that we should now allow business motives to dictate, and that these will lead rather to more investment in this country, since our interest rates are more attractive. The fact is that the bulk of our foreign loans have been attracted by high interest rates abroad. And there is little likelihood that rates in this country will permanently be higher than those in Germany, France and Italy. These large foreign investments may not be wholly safe, but that is a different story. The real significance of the passage was a broad hint that we will not encourage American investment in a big German government bond issue which has been projected as a means of final settlement of the reparations, and hence of the war-debt problems, unless and until Europe meets our views on the war debts and on disarmament. It would indeed be unwise for us to encourage such an issue if it were to be too large for the good of Germany and hence for the world, but our own obstinacy in refusing to consider revision of the war debts is what chiefly creates the necessity for a large issue. And to use economic pressure of this sort in behalf of disarmament is likely to be more provocative than successful. We should make more progress towards an atmosphere of world peace by an adjustment of war debts than by wielding the big stick of American dollars.

THE election has been followed by a flood of arguments and speculations regarding the future of the Democratic party. Has it any, and if so, where? Is the defection of the South permanent, or was it caused by special factors having to do with Governor Smith, and would a future Democratic candidate who did not arouse the passionate opposition of the dry Protestants be able to carry the section as usual? If the split is permanent, which part of the country will retain nominal control, and under what circumstances can the Democrats hope to win future elections? These discussions are probably both premature, and based on assumptions which as yet are without any verification. We agree with the New York World that "events in the next few years, rather than wishes and opinions today, will set the issues and reveal the leaders." The World reminds us that the Democrats polled a larger proportion of the popular vote this year than they did in 1920 or 1924; that a shift of fewer than 500,000 votes—the World's calculation makes it 354,000—in nineteen states where the balloting was fairly close, would have given Smith a majority in the electoral college; that a party which polls 40 percent of the popular vote, and wins the support of 12,000,000 persons in the pivotal states, is not

negligible. No one can yet say what the situation will be in 1932, or what part the Democratic party will play in it.

THE preliminary report on the income-tax returns for 1927 confirms the impressions which many students of economics had already formed. The business slump of the year resulted in a diminished corporate income. Nevertheless, the richest groups did not suffer, partly because of the enormous reserves of the big companies, which were applied to dividend and interest payments, and partly on account of the stock-market and real-estate booms. The number of those receiving incomes of \$1,000,000 and over per year increased to 283, the largest in history, more than the 231 of 1926 and the 206 at the peak of war profits in 1916. Most of the other income classes from \$10,000 up also increased. There was, however, a decrease in those receiving between \$5,000 and \$10,000 from 560,549 to 543,509. The number receiving less than \$5,000 also decreased slightly. Thus we have an indication that Republican prosperity is benefiting the large incomes more than the small ones, and that the large incomes are more secure against the effects of depression—at least of minor depression—than are the little ones.

THE Nicaraguan election passed off in a peaceable manner. With 7,000 U. S. Marines in the background, and 350 Spanish-speaking Americans supervising the balloting, 130,000 votes were cast and General Moncada, the Liberal candidate, was elected with a majority of 25,000. It is reasonable to suppose that his victory was partly due to popular feeling that the United States has been backing the Conservatives; it will be remembered that we precipitately and somewhat irregularly recognized a Conservative, Diaz, as President in 1926, and that we stepped in by force of arms and prevented the Liberals from winning the revolution when they gave every sign of being able to do so. Both sides, according to press despatches, have joined in urging the United States to supervise the next election in 1932. The New Republic earnestly hopes that the lesson of this year will have been learned and that we shall do no such thing. Whatever our intentions, and however deplorable the situation which caused us to interfere, by taking over control of the country during the election period we have assumed grave moral liabilities for which there is no justification. The defeated party is sure to argue sooner or later that without our interference it would have won; the victors, if they get into trouble, can appeal to us with some logic for support. The American Marines ought to come out of Nicaragua as quickly as possible; and they should never go back in, unless as a police force authorized by all the other nations of Pan-America, to correct a situation which clearly seems to those nations to call for international measures.

IT IS a favorite habit of Europeans to say that the American public is not interested in foreign affairs. The statement may be true; but if so, it needs important qualification. It is necessary to know, for example, whether the critic is comparing the average American business man or the Middle Western housewife with their logical counterparts, the thoroughly parochial similar groups in England and France, or with the little circle of cosmopolitans in the world capitals who have an almost professional interest in international events. When it comes to formal activities, qualitative comparisons are hard to make; but quantitatively at least, no other country has anything to compare with such an organization as, for example, the Foreign Policy Association of the United States, which has just celebrated its tenth birthday. From a little group of liberal-minded persons who met a decade ago to discuss foreign questions with which the United States might have to deal, it has grown to an institution of astonishing proportions. It has thousands of members scattered through the forty-eight states, with active branches in fourteen cities; 27,000 persons last year attended its luncheon discussions at which speakers representing various points of view toward controversial issues engaged in debates; large numbers of others heard them broadcast by radio; it has a research department which has produced one hundred careful technical studies of various subjects, which have been widely distributed to editors, writers, teachers and lecturers. These individuals also make special inquiries of their own, at the rate of 3,000 a year, which are answered. If a wise foreign policy in a democracy can come only from an informed public opinion, then the Foreign Policy Association is breaking a valuable trail by showing how it is possible to inform opinion accurately, impartially, effectively and, perhaps most important of all, painlessly.

REMARKABLE progress has been made recently, according to that careful news-distributing organization, Science Service, in the direction of silent and almost invisible aeroplanes. The governments of all the chief powers are at work, and experimental machines have been built which have been decidedly successful. Reducing the engine noise has been fairly easy, but the shriek of the propeller blades as they pass through the air has been more difficult to deal with. Success has accompanied experiments with four- or six-bladed propellers, of small size, specially designed to revolve with a minimum of air noise, and the whole surface of the aeroplane has been redesigned to eliminate wires and other friction-producing projections. Camouflage paint has also been worked out, which reduces the visibility of a plane, either against the sky in the daytime, or in searchlight rays at night. The Germans have also been successful in new designs which make a plane flat, like a knife-blade; these models are said almost to elude detection

when flying toward the observer. Work has also been done in Germany on treating the under sides of the wings to break up the shadows, as ships' sides were camouflaged during the War.

ALL THESE experiments make the outlook for the next war which involves two or more of the great powers gloomier than ever. The most reliable indications are that Brigadier General Lord Thomson, late Air Minister in the British government, is right in his predictions: the next war will be fought in the air, it will consist of aeroplane raids above the great cities, and the primary attack will be against civilians, including women and children. Against these, incendiary, explosive and poison-gas bombs will be used. No defense that has yet been devised will prevent the death of thousands of persons in any city thus attacked, and the organized life of any great metropolitan center would be brought to a standstill for days or weeks.

The Voice of the Opposition

IF IT should turn out, as present information indicates, that out of a total of 38,000,000 votes cast for the leading presidential candidates, Hoover received 22,000,000 and Smith 16,000,000, the magnificence of the Republican victory as recorded in the electoral college will have been considerably dimmed. About 7,000,000 more persons will have voted for Smith than ever before cast Democratic ballots in a presidential election, while the total of votes for him will approach the dimensions of the Harding landslide—the largest popular vote ever received by a previous President. More persons will have wanted Smith for President than wanted Coolidge in 1924. It is true that Hoover also topped by a large margin the best previous record of his party. But while his electoral college majority is the greatest in the history of two-party campaigns, his percentage majority of the popular vote—about 15 percent of the total—will be considerably less than Harding's 28 percent in 1920 or Roosevelt's 20 percent in 1904.

Who is to represent, in the national political life during the next four years, this sixteen-million-strong minority, this 42 percent of the electorate? If we had a parliamentary system, Smith would undoubtedly be seated in Congress as the official leader of the minority, expressing the views of his followers on every proper occasion, pointing out the failures of prohibition, the necessity for public operation of Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam, the possibilities of economy through reorganization of government departments. The vast amount of loyalty and interest aroused by his campaign would carry on to reinforce the future contributions of this immensely valuable public man to the national life. He would have a real chance of broadening his support and weakening his opposition; if he did

not do so, the administration would at least be wholesomely checked and forced to justify its policies against the living voice of the opposition. As it is, Governor Smith, who has been trained for useful political life as few men in the nation have been trained, and who has aroused an enthusiastic support such as few men have aroused, will hold no public office. He will become a bank president or a corporation executive. Though he technically retains the position of leadership of his party usually accorded to defeated presidential candidates, the fact that he appears to be out of the running for the nomination four years hence will discourage any active exercise of his prerogative. The sixteen million are stopped in mid-career; they are thrust, by our curious constitutional system, out of the universe of political discourse into an outer and frigid silence. After the warmth of the campaign, this is a chilling discouragement.

The Democratic party is, of course, still represented in the national government by a minority of Congressmen and Senators. But the Democrats in Congress, and particularly in the Senate, scarcely deserve the name of a party. They did not, as a party, develop in the day-to-day business of the national legislature during the past four years a single one of the policies headlined by Governor Smith in the campaign. They were split on prohibition, farm relief, power control, the tariff. They originated no program of governmental reorganization. One of the chief causes of the failure of the Smith campaign was that his party had laid no groundwork for it; there had been no consistent agitation for his policies until he appeared alone and in full flight in the middle of August. We had hopes, though by no means certainty, that if Smith were elected he could, from the tremendous vantage point of the presidency, weld his party during the next four years into a progressive political instrument. For any single Senator or group of Senators to achieve the same result would be difficult in any case. All that a President can do in office to unify his congressional support would be next to impossible for even the same man to do as a member of Congress. In a parliamentary system such as Great Britain has, the leader of the minority can exercise some of the same sort of authority which the Prime Minister can wield, because he is recognized as having the stature to be the chief figure in the government and is morally certain to head the Cabinet—if his party should win the next election. No Democrat now in Congress holds such a position. There is every sign, too, that the Democratic Congressmen and Senators are more badly split than ever. Many of them, especially from Southern states which Hoover won, will not be inclined to walk further on the trail blazed by Smith. The Democratic party is not dead as a President-nominating machine, and it might conceivably be victorious four years hence. But the next campaign is almost certain to be improvised on the spur of the moment; it would be absurd to hold that the party

in Congress, as such, will in the meantime furnish a consistent and aggressive mouthpiece for the Smith minority.

But there will be important issues on which Congress is bound to divide, and on which public sentiment will be as far from unanimous as ever. Congress and the President together will probably make a final disposition of Muscle Shoals, will decide on the policy for Boulder Dam, and may even go on to the St. Lawrence and Niagara River power projects. If Hoover can command a congressional majority, there is every likelihood that the government-owned water rights or plants will be turned over to private operation for profit on fifty-year leases, with no safeguard for the individual consumer except the illusory one of state regulation. We cannot wait for a possible regeneration of the Democratic party four years hence to carry on the struggle against this policy; then it will be too late. There will be the question of the nature of farm relief, to be decided within the next year. What is to be done to prepare for the unemployment crisis which is likely to recur some time within Mr. Hoover's term? New issues as well will arise—and by far the most important of these will probably be concerned with foreign policy. Shall we, in default of a cruiser-limitation agreement with Great Britain, enter upon a competitive race of naval building? What will be decided about revising reparations and war debts? Will the Republican machine and President carry out their threat to engage in a general tariff revision upward by the old, corrupt, log-rolling process? If so, who is to stand as watchdog for the consumer?

The opposition on most, if not all, of these issues, will undoubtedly come from that bi-partisan group of progressives who are, nominally, both Republicans and Democrats. The progressive Senators will not hold the balance of power which they have wielded in the present Congress, but they can, as before, furnish the one consistent opposition to Republicanism, the one agency pressing for investigation, and checking the tendency of the dominant party, with its conservative allies among the Democrats, to bow to powerful business interests and to tread the dangerous path of exclusive economic nationalism in foreign affairs.

This group does have able, sincere and fearless leaders. No more powerful and reasoned support of Smith was given during the campaign than that by Senator Norris of Nebraska, who had previously demonstrated his fine qualities in fighting, without regard for opportunist considerations, in behalf of sound progressive measures. Mr. Norris was not able to deliver all his followers to the Catholic wet from the sidewalks of New York, who was not well known in the West before the campaign, but he has by his discernment and courage added immensely to his own reputation in other parts of the country than that which already knew him so well. Mr. Norris comes as near being leader of the opposition in Congress, so far as that opposition is

progressive, as any man in national life. Nor will the minority of voters fail to note the activities of Senators like Walsh and Wheeler of Montana, La Follette and Blaine of Wisconsin, Shipstead of Minnesota and the rest. The utterances and activities of this group should have an importance during the next administration far exceeding that which arises from their individual constituencies. On them has fallen the duty of speaking for many millions of those voters who gave reasoned support to Smith. The progressive movement, which previously was in large measure a local affair of the central West, and achieved its national attention principally through the accident of being placed in a position where it could exercise a balance of power in Congress, now has an opportunity to arouse the loyalty of large numbers of voters in the East and South as well, who were stimulated by Smith's campaign. As minority leaders they may well have greater significance than they have had as free lances with some immediate power.

Prohibition, of course, divides the progressives as badly as it does the Republicans and the Democrats. For leadership on this issue those who are dissatisfied with the present condition must look outside of the national government altogether; and they must wait at least for another presidential campaign before being granted an opportunity to express themselves upon it. Fortunately, however, prohibition is one of the issues upon which no irrevocable decision has to be made during this administration. Alteration of the *status quo* can wait. In the meantime, there will be an opportunity to direct toward the other national problems the attention which they deserve. In spite of the loss of Alfred E. Smith from public life, the progressive minority may carry on with renewed vigor.

Mr. Hoover Faces South

DURING the last campaign Mr. Hoover's friends indignantly repudiated the idea that he was only a carbon copy of Mr. Coolidge. He might imitate the President for the purpose of getting himself elected, they argued, but once the balloting was over he could be expected to take a different and more vigorous line. These predictions seem to be partly justified by the first important announcement which has come from him since November 6. The trip to South America on which he is to depart almost immediately, and from which he will not return until January at the earliest, is the sort of enterprise Mr. Coolidge would probably never have thought of, and if he had thought of it, would not have put into execution. Yet its merits are as numerous as they are obvious: the President-elect will get two long sea voyages, and frequent and interesting changes of scene, to help him recover from the ardors of campaigning. For most of the time prior to his inauguration he will be out of reach of the horde of office-seekers and volunteers

of advice who would otherwise descend upon him and make his life a burden. And finally, his tour is almost certain to have a beneficial effect upon relations between the United States and its Latin-American neighbors, and perhaps one of the greatest value. It seems clear that Mr. Hoover has invented a happy solution of the problem, what to do with newly elected Presidents. In future, we may expect, every four years, to see the successful candidate receive on the morning of the first Wednesday after the first Tuesday in November, in addition to his sheaf of telegrams of congratulation, a long and multi-colored ticket for some destination where he can combine rejuvenation with *realpolitik*.

Latin America was a happy choice as Mr. Hoover's destination, for at least three good reasons. There is, first, the little matter of our foreign trade, with which Mr. Hoover is so greatly concerned, and about which he knows so much. We have not been doing so well in the past year or two, in comparison with Great Britain, and it is suspected that in part, at least, this relative decline is the result of feeling against the United States of the sort made manifest at the Sixth Pan-American Conference at Havana last January. It is doubtless expected that Mr. Hoover will be somewhat the same sort of salesman for our goods that the Prince of Wales is for Britain's.

Another important problem which is giving Washington much concern is the ratification of the Kellogg treaty by the South and Central American states. With the exception of Colombia, which ratified the treaty last week, the chief powers of Latin America have evinced little enthusiasm in regard to coming under its beneficent provisions. They contend that before they can accept it they want to know just what alteration is made in the Monroe Doctrine, and in the United States' policy in general, by its terms. Since it is increasingly apparent that, to Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg, at any rate, the new treaty requires no changes either in the interpretation of the Doctrine, or in the American attitude in general, ratification by the chief South American powers seems rather far away. It may be that Mr. Hoover will be able to alter the impression as to what the United States intends to do, sufficiently to increase the lukewarm emotions of the Latins to the boiling point.

The third question is closely related to the second. It will be recalled that a Pan-American Conference on Conciliation and Arbitration meets in Washington beginning December 10. It is an outgrowth of the Havana conference last winter, and may be of equal or even greater importance in determining future international relations in the Western Hemisphere. Despite Mr. Kellogg's recital of achievements on the part of the United States in the field of international machinery for arbitration, in New York on Armistice Day, the fact remains that this country has never yet accepted compulsory arbitration and shows no signs as yet of doing so.

The resolution calling the new conference into being says that "the American Republics will meet . . . in a conference of conciliation and arbitration to give conventional form to the realization of this principle, with the minimum exceptions which they may consider indispensable to safeguard the independence and sovereignty of the states, as well as matters of domestic concern, and to the exclusion also of matters involving the interest or referring to the action of a state not a party to the convention." Here, it is obvious, is a proposal which may mean everything or nothing. What exceptions will the United States consider indispensable? Will they be so numerous and extensive that in fact any possible dispute between this country and one of the other American powers could be excluded at our pleasure? Many Latin Americans believe that this will be the case. They recall that, with one dubious and unimportant exception, not one of the great powers which still possess strong armies and navies has any treaty with any other power providing for compulsory arbitration of all disputes of a character likely to become a *casus belli*, and they do not think that the United States is as yet ready to surrender the advantage which its overwhelming military superiority gives it. Should this prove to be the case, however, the progress of the conference is likely to be accompanied in Latin America by a recrudescence of hostility toward the Yankees. Mr. Hoover's tour may furnish a valuable simultaneous offset to this.

If people were strictly logical, of course, the mere corporeal presence of our future Chief Executive in the capital of one country or another would cause no alteration in the popular attitude. His visit to Buenos Aires will not lower our tariff barriers against Argentine products, nor can he by going to Chile and Peru offset the bad impression left by our attempt to settle the Tacna-Arica dispute. But humankind is not ruled by logic, and the fact of his presence will seem a compliment which is an augury of happier days to come. Those who were in Cuba when President Coolidge visited Havana last winter testified to the remarkable effect of his visit in silencing, at least for the time being, the anti-Americanism which was so general among the people of the island. In the long run, of course, what is done at Washington is what counts. The memory of a pleasant visit may be wiped out very quickly if our Marines shoot a few Nicaraguans or our State Department finds its necessary to "take a firm line" with the Mexican government. Mr. Hoover is entitled at present to the benefit of the doubt. What he said about Latin-American policy during the campaign, with its emphasis on the rights of American investors, was not very reassuring, but the sobering effect of having final responsibility may cause him to do better than his words would indicate. He will at any rate take office with a better first-hand knowledge of Latin-American affairs, thanks to the happy inspiration of this journey, than any other President of recent times.

Flaming Youth

IN FORMER times it was piously supposed that the generations of men were linked together like a party of mountain-climbers, each new arrival pressing forward in the footsteps of his predecessor and, before inevitable fate halted his progress, managing to carry the trail of civilization a little higher. Or the neat process was likened to a relay race, in which each runner in turn passed on the torch, followed the gleam, and stood aside for younger men. All those outmoded gestures which now seem as dead as the dodo or the Fourteen Points. Outmoded, indeed! It is our fashion nowadays to emphasize, not the impalpable spiritual ties that bind one generation hopefully to another, but the obvious physical differences that hopelessly sunder them. With our present passion against sentimentality, idealism, sweetness and light, and with our tongues tipped with the mechanistic patter we picked up in the college cradle, we are quick to see reactions rather than results. We generalize it as of old, but our vocabulary has suffered a change, and our spectacles are of a different shade of rose from the ones through which our fathers squinted. Nowadays, instead of expecting that John Smith, Jr., will follow his sire's example and become an ornament of the bench, a pillar of the Church, and a sainted memory, we are not at all surprised to see the young man go into a far country, eat the husks of Hollywood, and come to a cremated end in a funeral parlor, without having once passed the plate. "Like father like son" we now regard as one of those old wives' sayings which may still partially apply to a man's internal workings, but which states the opposite of the present truth about his worldly goings-on.

Before the War, we had with us a generation which we like to look back and down on as eager-eyed, idealistic, slightly silly; this little band of brothers was succeeded by a tribe of Ishmael, armed with torches, it is true, but intent not on such social ends as arson or enlightenment, but on turning night into day. By some Fannie Hurst of the tabloids, these idealists-in-spite-of-themselves were dubbed "Flaming Youth." They were not attractive to their parents, nor to their parents' friends. Their stomachs were lined with copper, luckily, for they lived almost entirely on synthetic gin; they were all jazz-babies, for their parents were church-members; and they had no moral sense. They spent their days in eluding work, and their nights in driving high-powered automobiles at a rate far exceeding the legal, at the same time indulging in protracted and passionate kisses; they raised hell at road-houses, were rude to their elders, and never came home until morning.

But even the Republican party cannot last forever; and the span of youth is short. Men and women of forty cannot flame so cracklingly as once they did; we are not—perhaps fortunately—a race

of salamanders. Time, if not the blush of shame, will bring most of these roisterers to their social senses. Perhaps already their gin is losing a little of its fiery savor; perhaps, with repetition and the dull passage of years, their curiously indecisive embraces are becoming a little more automatic, a little absent-minded. It is rumored that an even younger generation is arising. These newcomers, lately embryonic, more recently in diapers, are now growing into adolescence, and very shortly the tireless hopes of the nation will be transferred to them. Of this new army of youth what can we expect?

Alas, what *can* we expect? If the modern fancy is correct: if, indeed, each generation takes retributory vengeance on the one before it, we can look for only the sternest children, from such lax parents. The upshot of all those midnight joy-rides, of all those hip-pocket-flask and strip-poker parties—is it to be a race of senior wardens? Will Comus' crew have fathered a nation of Elder Brothers? Unpleasing or not, this is the prospect. If our theory of the modern nemesis is a true one, we can expect nothing else. It may easily be imagined what manner of citizens these will be. They will be so conservative in their social instincts that we may look for a weakening of democratic institutions all along the line, possibly resulting in a constitutional monarchy. The Democratic party may somehow continue to drag on a miserable existence, but it will no longer be even partially respectable, and the Socialists will disappear altogether. Theaters will be shut down, holidays will be done away with, dancing, laughing and reading for pleasure will be made punishable offenses. Prohibition will cease to be a problem, for the new race will have neither the time nor the inclination to drink; and those bootleggers who do not commit suicide or die of broken hearts will be put to death, in company with artists, writers and other vagrants, by state euthanasia. Fashions will become even more standardized, and loud colors will fade away like the Snark. There will be a tremendous boom in organized religion. Sermons and skirts will be much longer. In short, we shall have a Sparta, though no Lysurgus will be necessary, for every citizen will be a law-abider from his cradle.

But perhaps we have presumed too much; perhaps in our enthusiasm for generalizing—that last infirmity of speaking your mind—we have gone a little too far. As Al Smith says, what are the facts? By now this new generation are occupying the colleges in sufficient numbers to be observable; how are they behaving? What signs are they giving of this new and dreadful seriousness of mind? After making a careful survey of all the news items from the more important universities for the current year, we have selected the following as a significant instance:

A couple of weeks ago, in a university town not a hundred miles from New York, the citizens were

registering for the presidential election. It has been the custom there for many years to allow the undergraduates to register as well, as a great many of them, not being able to return to their homes on Election Day, would otherwise lose their right to vote. This year, for some Republican or Democratic reason, the local board of registration refused to allow undergraduates to register, alleging that they were not legal residents of the town, and so had no right to vote there. When news of this action got around the campus, there was general indignation, and that evening some of the more serious-minded spirits collected and began a parade of protest. The procession, which soon numbered several hundred, set out up the main street of the town. Across this street, at a decent interval, were displayed the campaign banners of the Republican and the Democratic parties. The paraders, with great seriousness and good humor, demolished the Republican emblem, and then, with praiseworthy impartiality and equal seriousness, the Democratic. The university authorities soon got wind of the affair, and sympathizing with the undergraduates' grievance and recognizing the high motives that lay behind their demonstration, attempted to persuade the protestants to come back to the campus and hold a mass meeting, offering the college auditorium for the purpose. All their attempts, however, were in vain. The crowd continued to surge back and forth up the main street, blocking the traffic and now and then attempting, in a friendly way, to upset passing motor cars, and making an unsuccessful try at demolishing the jail, but doing on the whole little or no damage. Finally, however, even high seriousness must go to bed, so they did.

And what conclusion may we draw? It is with the greatest reluctance that we draw any; but if we must, let it be this: if from the ashes of Flaming Youth is to arise a new generation, sedate, seagreen and incorruptible, then it has not yet arisen. Long may it refuse to get up when called. For if anything could be harder to bear than Flaming Youth, we can think of nothing worse than its opposite number.

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The Monroe Doctrine and the League

ALTHOUGH the Monroe Doctrine is still sacrosanct to every good American, there are some people in this wicked world who do not like it and are beginning to say so. They do not like this doctrine primarily because they cannot find out what it means. And we are loth to tell them. In his famous Minneapolis speech on the Monroe Doctrine in 1923, Secretary Charles Evans Hughes declared, "The government of the United States reserves to itself its definition, interpretation and application." We are as reluctant to reveal the meaning of the Monroe Doctrine as a Mason or an Elk is to give away the password of his lodge. Nevertheless, we insist that this doctrine be "recognized." Mr. Wilson fought hard at Paris for this recognition and his efforts led to the famous Article 21, which states that nothing in the Covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of "regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine, for securing the maintenance of peace." Even this recognition was a little grudging. The Monroe Doctrine is not a "regional understanding," but a unilateral declaration. And partly because of sensitiveness about Monroeism, the United States Senate jettisoned the Treaty of Versailles. Nevertheless the members of the League still find themselves with Article 21 wound around their respective necks, and it has begun to choke some of the Latin-American nations. They ask these questions:

Does Article 21 mean that although we are members of the League we cannot place disputes with each other before the World Court or the League Council?

Does it mean that the guarantees of the Covenant do not run on the American continent?

Does it mean that we are estopped from appealing to the League in case the United States should in the future land troops on our soil or make threatening demands?

Latin America remembers Mr. Lodge's speech in the Senate of February 28, 1919, in which he defined the Monroe Doctrine to mean that "the Americas should be separated from the interference of Europe and that American questions in all parts of this hemisphere should be settled by Americans alone." It remembers Mr. Hughes' Union League speech on March 26, 1919, in which he declared that purely American questions "should be remitted primarily to American nations with machinery like that of the present League. . . ." It remembers Chile's statement in 1920, when Bolivia tried to bring a dispute before the Assembly, that because of Article 21 the Assembly could not inter-

fere in "questions exclusively affecting countries of the New World." It remembers that although in 1920 Peru submitted the Tacna-Arica question to the Assembly, it was withdrawn and submitted to the arbitration of Mr. Coolidge, and that after Panama and Costa Rica in 1921 had submitted a dispute to the Council, the United States offered to these states its good offices—which were accepted. If Article 21 nullifies the guarantees of the Covenant, some Latin Americans declare that Olney's declaration comes close to being true, namely, that "today the United States is practically sovereign on this continent, and its fiat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition." In such a case, the League of Nations is of no more value to us, say the Latin Americans, than a Pan-American Congress.

Having such queries in the back of her head, the little state of Costa Rica mailed a unique letter to Geneva the other day. We will come back and play ball, said Costa Rica, which had resigned from the League several years ago, if you will tell us what the Monroe Doctrine means. Article 21, said Costa Rica, had really extended the legal scope of this doctrine. And this might be dangerous to the "independence of small nations" unless—and here comes a big if—unless "an appeal could be made to an international organ of the importance of the League of Nations for an express and authorized declaration with regard to the actual scope and correct interpretation of the above-mentioned doctrine."

This letter was a poser to the great minds and the long beards of Geneva. We must, they said, devise a formula which will offend neither Costa Rica nor the United States. After a secret discussion the Council sent a politely worded telegram to Costa Rica on September 1, which appeared to the casual reader as a gentle rejection of the request. The Council could not define the "regional understandings" mentioned in Article 21; this was a task only for the parties to such understandings.

Nevertheless, the Council stated, Article 21 "neither weakens nor limits any of the safeguards provided in the Covenant." The Covenant confers "upon all the members of the League equal obligations and equal rights. . . ." These may be innocent-looking words, but they are full of dynamite. They mean nothing more nor less than that the Latin-American members of the League may invoke the aid of Geneva in case of a dispute with the United States. Article 17 of the Covenant provides that in case a member and a non-member become involved

in difficulties, they shall be invited to submit the dispute to some form of pacific procedure; and if the non-member declines this request but instead resorts to war, the League shall apply its sanctions.

Our *realpolitik*-ers will scoff at any such possibility. As a practical proposition the League will never apply sanctions against the United States, the most powerful state in the world. What does the League care if Washington sends Marines into Nicaragua or even into Colombia? This, in common with most *realpolitik* points of view, is short-sighted. Actually, the League's decision is full of significance. It means, in the first place, that the tendency within the League to diminish the guarantees of the Covenant, in order to coax forth the sympathies of the United States, has come to an end. It means, in the second place, that the Latin-American states are preparing to use Geneva as a check upon the intervention policy of the United States.

Latin America has been particularly anxious to have Article 21 defined because of the fact that the United States has excluded from its recent arbitration treaties all questions that "depend upon or involve the maintenance of the traditional attitude of the United States concerning American questions, commonly described as the Monroe Doctrine."

Evidently commenting upon these treaties, Señor Antonio de Narvaez, writing in *Europe Nouvelle*, says: "The fact that a unilateral doctrine which pretends arbitrarily to dispose of the sovereign rights of states of a whole continent, and which menaces the security of members of the League of Nations, should be accepted by those nations that are friends of this continent, is a fact whose reverberations have not yet ceased throughout the whole of Latin America and the consequences of which will be considerable if these treaties, which have already been sanctioned by the American Senate, should be ratified by European Parliaments. . . ." If the United States attempts to exclude the Monroe Doctrine from the scope of the arbitration treaties to be drawn up at the Pan-American arbitration conference this December, one may foresee even more lively and bitter discussion than took place at Havana.

It is also significant that when various European speakers at the Geneva Assembly this September sang pæans of praise for the Kellogg anti-war pact, the Latin-American representatives remained silent. Despatches from Washington recently indicated that Mr. Kellogg is plainly worried over the fact that, while forty states have either adhered or signified their intention to adhere to the anti-war pact, Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Ecuador and Paraguay are holding back. Both *La Nacion* and *La Prensa* of Buenos Ayres state that Argentina should not adhere to the pact until it is clear that in so doing it does not subscribe to the Monroe

Doctrine. Senator Molinari, a representative of the new government, recently declared, "As long as there are North American soldiers in Nicaragua, no one can use the words employed by Secretary Kellogg." Some Latin Americans want to know the relation of this treaty to the Monroe Doctrine. Does the anti-war pact prevent the United States from using force on the American continent?

Costa Rica has accepted the League's telegram; its cabinet has recommended to Parliament a return to the League. This incident follows in an almost logical sequence the Panama attack on Pan-Americanism at the 1927 Assembly, the bitter intervention debates at Havana, Argentina's declaration that it does not recognize the Monroe Doctrine, and Mexico's decision to participate in League conferences.

Latin-American countries are now working, according to Señor Narvaez, "to bring about the suppression of all mention of Article 21 in the Covenant, which has no longer any reason for existence, and lends itself to erroneous interpretations because the United States does not belong to the League of Nations." And in the future, when a controversy arises with the United States, shall we say over oil, some Latin-American country may be bold enough to appeal to Geneva. Some time in the future, when the United States lands troops on Latin-American soil, some Latin-American state will ask Geneva to do something about it. It will not ask that impossible economic or military coercion be applied. But it will invoke an even more powerful force—world sentiment and world opinion.

On October 2, Don Manuel Castro Quesada, the new Costa Rican Minister at Washington, presented his credentials to President Coolidge and declared that Costa Rica owed its existence to President Monroe. This may have been an effort officially to disguise what has transpired at Geneva. But even Don Quesada's words have a double meaning; he did not refer to the Monroe Doctrine as such, but to the protection given to Costa Rica a hundred years ago by Monroe and to the *arbitration* of Costa Rica's boundaries by President Cleveland, Chief Justice White and Chief Justice Taft. Mr. Monroe's Monroe Doctrine and Mr. Coolidge's Monroe Doctrine are two entirely different things.

The League has now informed the world that as far as Article 21 of the Covenant is concerned, the United States remains at perfect liberty to protect Latin-American states from genuine attack. But every such state has a right to call upon Geneva for aid in case the United States should land troops upon its soil without placing its case before some international jury. Once more we are confronted with the question whether or not we should submit our intervention policy to some form of international or Pan-American control.

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL.

The Dilemma in Anthracite

THE IRON hand of depression weighs heavily on the hard-coal communities. For the first time in a long and varied history collieries have been shut down for longer than a year at a stretch. Slack time cuts into the pay of miners lucky enough to hang on to jobs. Of the employed force, efficiency chews off a large number of men formerly on the pay-rolls, further spreading the plague of unemployment throughout the once prosperous region. With a strike looming in view for 1930, when the present contract expires, the prospect does not appear cheerful. Hundreds of miners are reaching now for their last pennies to make ends meet. Others depend on friends for support. Last Christmas, Salvation Army lassies made their entrance into the region, not to collect but to distribute food among the needy.

Yet it is hard for the anthracite region to imagine these things true. It has not yet recovered from its last spree of prosperity. The present depression is regarded as temporary, and all eyes look eagerly for the morrow when colliery whistles will blow every day, and work will be steady. But for many months now people have hoped and waited. Nothing has happened. They still hope and wait, and the chances are that nothing will happen all over again.

Under the present regime of "coöperation and efficiency," low-cost collieries operate steadily in some cases, while high-cost collieries are suspended indefinitely. Little effort has been made, up to the present, to even out the work, by making the low-cost collieries cover the deficits of the high-cost ones. Officials of the union announced that such an outcome would be sought, and one or two conferences were held, but nothing has been accomplished. As a result, hundreds of miners unlucky enough to work at high-cost operations are spending their time sitting on the back-door steps, wondering what's going to happen next. Meanwhile, thousands of other miners work on. Jealousy between the employed and the unemployed is unavoidable, especially as the unemployed face actual starvation, while the others, through no fault or merit of their own, participate in the deflated prosperity still trumpeted by local papers.

No unemployment provisions take care of the jobless miner, whose days become disheartening while he waits for the rusty whistles to summon him to his duties. Nor is it worth while looking for work. Thousands of miners tour the mountains from mine to mine in search of the invisible job. They conclude it is just as well to sit down and wait. For what? No one can tell.

But the man-driving increases. At Morea, over the hill, men are actually compelled to work beyond

quitting time, without extra compensation, to make up for time lost during the working day. Old hands are being laid off in the most "conservative" collieries. A blunt order comes from the main office: "Lay off ten of your most unnecessary men." This order is implicitly obeyed, and wherever a man can only be half-spared, he is spared altogether, the additional work being shoved on the man left.

Many reasons are given for the sudden depression in the anthracite industry. The oldest is the story of how other fuels have invaded the coal market, compelling anthracite to beat a retreat. This theory is adopted by merchants and boosters, who are setting up advertising agencies in various centers for the popularizing of anthracite. But the miners never gave the booster-idea any faith. Whatever its cause, the present depression is being utilized, the miners think, as the subtle preparation of the fuel trust for the battle of 1930. By riding down the miner now, the operators make it necessary for the inevitable cut of 1930 to be accepted by the helpless worker, who will have no finances to carry on a strike.

The present slack time, according to the miners, is calculated to have a definite effect. Well known union-wreckers, it is hinted, have been imported from their recent triumphant activities in the soft-coal fields, to try their hand at smashing the organization here. The small area of the hard-coal field and the greater centralization of miners makes such an undertaking far more difficult than in the soft-coal field, but the effort will nevertheless be made, the miners believe.

Many companies have laid off the most active union men. The union organization cannot, in such cases, do anything for the reinstatement of the best spirits in the industry. This weeding-out process, continuing over a period of years, leaves the field to less militant elements. In some collieries miners are discouraged from raising grievances because they believe the grievance committee, representing the union, tries to sabotage the standing of the complainants in the regard of the boss.

On every hand a gradual suppression and smothering of the militant spirit is going on. Rank-and-file rebellion not only agitates the corporation, but causes convulsions in the offices of the union officials. They do not sanction local strikes, which are forbidden by the agreement. But without such stoppages, little effective protest, under present conditions, can be made on account of local grievances, in the opinion of some of the miners.

With the reduction of the demand for anthracite, according to reports, the industry must deflate itself to the minimum working force, by the in-

stallation of the newest mining equipment. The anthracite population is a fixed, stable one, and seldom drifts from section to section. Most anthracite miners live their entire lives in their "home towns" or patches. Put out of work by efficiency schemes, they do not leave for cities to try their luck, but prefer to linger about the region, hunting for a chance to work. But the incoming changes promise to be permanent, and the miner's wait for a job will become longer and longer.

Efficiency applied to coal mining inevitably brings about a higher production. With the market unable to absorb the output at present, the consequent increase must further paralyze the industry and create more slack time than ever. Plainly some change must be inaugurated in the direction of shorter hours and increased wages. Not only does this program apply to the anthracite industry, but universally it would offer the easiest way out of the present "depression," which only means that the consumer cannot keep up with modern production.

Gripped by slack time, the average hard-coal miner is growing restless. Whether a militant union policy would meet the coming crisis, or whether no crisis will come, he does not know. He feels quite

sure that a wage-cut is in store, and a strike will be difficult to make. "But it may be unavoidable," he says. "What can you do then?" He accepts the future with a shrug—whatever it may be. He is only dimly interested in the story of fabulous profits made by coal companies, and vast royalties collected by land agencies. He feels powerless to control these tremendous powers. Even the union seems to have little power to wrest recognition from the financial forces that dominate the hard-coal industry.

Surrounded by its culm banks and its breathing breakers, the population of the hard-coal towns contemplates its probable fate. The future is like the ground under its feet—filled with cracks and holes—undermined with dark possibilities. Day follows day as the whistles continue silent and slack time takes away butter from the bread, and compels the children to go ragged to school. "Hard times!" everybody sighs, including the fat saloon-keeper, who now sells most of his beer "on trust." And harder times ahead. With deepening frown the hard-coal miner sits on the back-door step to contemplate the cheerless future. For the future holds his fate in its hands—and he wonders: after 1930—what?

EDWARD FALKOWSKI.

Impressions of Soviet Russia

II. *A Country in a State of Flux*

I TRIED in my first article to give some account of the total feeling aroused in me by the face of Russian life as I saw it in Leningrad. It ought to be easier (and probably more instructive) to forgo the attempt to convey a single inclusive impression, in order to record, in separate fashion, ideas or emotions aroused by this or that particular contact. But the accomplishment of this latter task is made difficult by the fact that, without a prolonged stay, wide contacts and a knowledge of the language, accurate information is hard to come by. One gets about as many views as there are persons one converses with, even about things that might be supposed to be matters of fact; or else one finds questions evaded in an embarrassed way. (For some reason, this latter statement is much truer of experiences in Leningrad than in Moscow. Some things mentioned only in a whisper in the former city were loudly proclaimed in the latter; the atmosphere of avoidance changed to that of welcoming discussion. I do not know why this should have been so, but perhaps the pall of the past with its ruthlessness still hangs over one city, while the energy that looks to the future is centered in the other.)

For example, although one's chief concern is not with economic conditions, one naturally has a cer-

tain curiosity about that aspect of affairs, and asks questions. Here are a multitude of shops, selling to customers, to all appearances, for money and a money profit like similar shops in other parts of the world. How are they stocked and managed? How many are government-owned; how many are coöperative and what is the relation of coöperative undertakings to the State? How many are private enterprises? How is honest public accountability secured? What is the technique for regulating the temptation to profiteer on the side? The questions seem natural and innocent. But it was not easy to find their answers, nor did the answers, when given, agree very well with one another. In part, the explanation is simple enough; I did not apply to persons who were sufficiently interested to be well informed; any traveler knows how easy it is anywhere in the world to amass misinformation. But along with this fact and behind it there was a cause that seems to me of general significance, one that should be known and reckoned with in any attempt at appraisal of Russian affairs. Its nature may be illustrated by an answer that was often given me at first in reply to questions about the nature of coöperative stores; namely, that they were in effect merely government shops under another name. Later on, through access to more authoritative

sources, I learned that the fact of the case was quite to the contrary; not only has the coöperative movement grown eight-fold since its very promising beginnings before the War, but its management is primarily of the autonomous, classic Rochdale type. From a certain point of view, perhaps one more important than that which I entertained during my visit, a report upon the development and prospects of coöperative undertakings in present-day Russia would be more significant than anything I have to say. But I am not an economist, and my purpose in alluding to this matter is not that of giving economic information. What I learned from my experience in this matter (rendered typical by a variety of similar experiences) is the necessity of giving an exact dating to every statement made about conditions in Soviet Russia. For there is every reason to believe that the misinformation I received about the status of coöperative undertakings in Russia was not only honestly given, but was based on recollection of conditions that obtained several years ago. For there was a time when the whole industrial structure of Russia was so disorganized, from the World War, the blockade and civil war, that the government practically took over the management of the coöperatives. (Even of this period it is important to know that the latter jealously safeguarded in legal form their autonomy by formally voting, as if they were their own independent decisions, the measures forced upon them by the government.) This state of affairs no longer exists: on the contrary, the free and democratically conducted coöperative movement has assumed a new vitality—subject, of course, to control of prices by the State. But ideas and beliefs formed during that period got into circulation and persist. Were I not convinced that the instance is typical, so typical that a large part of what passes for knowledge about Soviet Russia is in fact only reminiscence of what was the condition at some time during some phase of affairs, I should not dwell upon it at such length.

This necessity for exact dating of every statement made about Russian conditions, if one is to have any criterion of its value, is indicative of a fact—or a force—that to my mind is much more significant than most of the “facts”—even when they are really facts—that are most widely diffused. For they indicate the extent to which Russia is in a state of flux, of rapid alterations, even oscillations. If I learned nothing else, I learned to be immensely suspicious of all generalized views about Russia; even if they accord with the state of affairs in 1922 or 1925, they may have little relevancy to 1928, and perhaps be of only antiquarian meaning by 1933. As foreigners resident in the country frequently put it to me, Russia lives in all its internal problems and policies from hand to mouth; only in foreign politics is there consistency and unity. In the mouths of those sympathetic with what is going on in Russia, the formula had a com-

mentary implication; the flux was a sign that those who are managing affairs have an attitude of realistic adaptation to actual conditions and needs. In the mouths of the unsympathetic, the phrase implied incapacity on the part of the rulers, in that they had no fixed mind of their own, even on important matters. But the fact of change, whether favorably or unfavorably interpreted, remained outstanding and unchallenged. In view of current notions (which I confess I shared before my visit) about the rigidity of affairs in Russia, I am convinced that this fact of change and flux needs all the emphasis that can possibly be given it.

While my preconception as to the rigidity of affairs in Russia was the one which turned out most contrary to facts, it may not be one that is widely shared. But there are other preconceptions—most of which I am happy to say I did not share—which seem after a visit even more absurd. One of them is indicated by the question so often asked both before and after the visit: How did the party dare to go to Russia?—as if life there were rude, disorderly and insecure. One hesitates to speak of this notion to an intelligent public, but I have found it so widely current that I am sure that testimony to the orderly and safe character of life in Russia would be met with incredulity by much more than half of the European as well as the American public. In spite of secret police, inquisitions, arrests and deportations of *Nepmen* and *Kulaks*, exiling of party opponents—including divergent elements in the party—life for the masses goes on with regularity, safety and decorum. If I wished to be invidious, I could mention other countries in Eastern Europe in which it is much more annoying to travel. There is no country in Europe in which the external routine of life is more settled and secure. Even the “wild children” who have formed the staple of so many tales have now disappeared from the streets of the large cities.

Another warning that appears humorous in retrospect is that so often given by kindly friends, against being fooled by being taken to see show places. It is hard to exercise imagination in one environment about conditions in a remote and strange country; but it now seems as if it would not have required great imagination to realize that the Russians had enough to do on their own account without bothering to set up show establishments to impress a few hundred—or even thousand—tourists. The places and institutions that were “shown” us—and the Leningrad Society for Cultural Relations had prepared a most interesting program of sightseeing—were show-places in the sense that they were well worthy of being shown. I hope they were the best of their kind, so as to be representative of what the new regime is trying to do; there is enough mediocrity everywhere without traveling thousands of miles to see it. But they exist for themselves, either because of historic conditions, like the old palaces and treasures, or be-

cause of present urgent needs. Some of the resorts for workers' vacation periods on the island in the Neva River had a somewhat perfunctory air; the old palatial residence, now used as a workers' summer club-house, seemed to have no special active functions. The much advertised "Wall-newspaper" seemed, when its contents were translated, much like what would elsewhere have been less ambitiously called a bulletin board. But such episodes only brought out by contrast the vitality of other institutions, and the gay spontaneity of the "Wall-newspapers" in the children's colonies and homes.

Of the "sights" contained in the official program, the one enduringly impressed in memory is a visit to a children's colony in a former Grand Duke's summer palace in Peterhof—up the Neva from Leningrad. The place marks the nearest approach of the White Armies to Leningrad; the buildings were more or less ruined in the warfare, and are not yet wholly restored, since the teachers and children must do the work; there is still need in some quarters for hot water and whitewash. Two-thirds of the children are former "wild children," orphans, refugees, etc., taken from the streets. There is nothing surprising, not to say unique, in the existence of orphan asylums. I do not cite the presence of this one as evidence of any special care taken of the young by the Bolshevik government. But taken as evidence of the native capacity of the Russian stock, it was more impressive than my command of words permits me to record. I have never seen anywhere in the world such a large proportion of intelligent, happy and intelligently occupied children. They were not lined up for inspection. We walked about the grounds and found them engaged in their various summer occupations, gardening, bee-keeping, repairing buildings, growing flowers in a conservatory (built and now managed by a group of particularly tough boys who began by destroying everything in sight), making simple tools and agricultural implements, etc. Not what they were doing, but their manner and attitude is, however, what stays with me—I cannot convey it; I lack the necessary literary skill. But the net impression will always remain. If the children had come from the most advantageously situated families, the scene would have been a remarkable one, unprecedented in my experience. When their almost unimaginable earlier history and background were taken into account, the effect was to leave me with the profoundest admiration for the capacities of the people from which they sprang, and an unshakable belief in what they can accomplish. I am aware that there is a marked disproportion between the breadth of my conclusion and the narrowness of the experience upon which it rests. But the latter did not remain isolated; though it never recurred in the same fullness, it was renewed in every institution of children and youth which I visited. And in any case, I feel bound to let the statement stand; its seemingly exaggerated qual-

ity will at least testify to the depth of the impression I received of the intrinsic capacity of the Russian people, of the release the Revolution has effected, of the intelligence and sympathetic art with which the new conditions are being taken advantage of educationally by some of the wisest and most devoted men and women it has ever been my fortune to meet.

Since I am dealing only with impressions received at first hand and not with information proceeding from systematic inquiries, I shall conclude with selecting two other impressions, each of which happened to arise apart from any official guidance. The hours of several days of leisure time before the arrival of the party of fellow American educators in Leningrad were spent in the Hermitage. Of this museum as a treasure-house of European painting it is unnecessary to speak. Not so of the human visitors, groups of peasants, working men, grown men and women much more than youth, who came in bands of from thirty to fifty, each with a leader eager and alert. Every day we met these bands, twenty or thirty different ones. The like of it is not to be seen anywhere else in the world. And this experience was not isolated. It was repeated in every museum, artistic, scientific, historical, we visited. The wondering question that arose in me the first day, whether there was not a phase of the Revolution, and a most important one, which had not before dawned upon me, became, as time went on, almost an obsession. Perhaps the most significant thing in Russia, after all, is not the effort at economic transformation, but the will to use an economic change as the means of developing a popular cultivation, especially an esthetic one, such as the world has never known.

I can easily imagine the incredulity such a statement arouses in the minds of those fed only by accounts of destructive Bolshevik activities. But I am bound in honesty to record the *bouleversement* of the popular foreign impression which took place in my own case. This new educative struggle may not succeed; it has to face enormous obstacles; it has been too much infected with propagandist tendencies. But in my opinion the latter will gradually die of inanition in the degree in which Soviet Russia feels free and secure in working out its own destiny. The main effort is nobly heroic, evincing a faith in human nature which is democratic beyond the ambitions of the democracies of the past.

The other impression I would record came from a non-official visit to a House of Popular Culture. Here was a fine new building in the factory quarter, surrounded by recreation grounds, provided with one large theater, four smaller assembly halls, fifty rooms for club-meetings, recreation and games, headquarters for trade unions, costing two million dollars, frequented daily—or rather, nightly—by five thousand persons as a daily average. Built and controlled, perhaps, by the government? No, but by the voluntary efforts of the trade unions, who tax

themselves 2 percent of their wages to afford their collective life these facilities. The House is staffed and managed by its own elected officers. The contrast with the comparative inactivity of our own working men and with the quasi-philanthropic quality of similar enterprises in my own country left a painful impression. It is true that this House—there is already another similar one in Leningrad—has no intrinsic and necessary connection with communistic theory and practice. The like of it *might* exist in any large modern industrial center. But there is the fact that the like of it does *not* exist in the other and more highly developed industrial centers. There it is in Leningrad, as it is not there in Chicago or New York¹; and there it is in a society supposedly rigidly managed by the State on the basis of dogmatic theory, as an evidence of the vitality of organized voluntary initiative and coöperative effort. What does this mean? If I knew the answer, perhaps I should have the beginning of an understanding of what is really going on in Soviet Russia.

JOHN DEWEY.

(This is the second of a series of articles by Dr. Dewey telling what he saw and learned during the visit to Soviet Russia from which he has just returned. In the third article he gives his impressions of Moscow.)

Washington Notes

BY THE time this appears, the great bulk of the analyzing, clarifying, alibi-ing and explaining by the experts will be over and political interest generally concentrated on the future, not the past. Certainly that is true here in Washington, where the great question concerning a President-elect always is, not how he got to be, but what he is going to do, now that he is. Always these Washington politicians are shouting "fore," driving ahead.

Before leaving the campaign completely, however, there are one or two little matters it may be well to mention merely for the sake of the record. First, it is clear that Herbert won, not because of his campaign managers but in spite of them. They were a weight. It is unquestionably true that he had collected in, around and about his various headquarters the most bumble-puppy set of so-called political practitioners anyone can remember. They made every possible mistake. With one or two notable exceptions—Jimmie Good and Jimmy Burke being the only ones that come quickly to mind—they did everything that could be done to defeat him, the climax coming, I think, in the discovery that the smart-cracking Mr. Moses of New Hampshire had with his own fair hand sent out the most unprintable piece of Klan literature seen in the whole campaign, with a glowing endorsement of it as "hot stuff." It certainly got him earnestly, privately and fervently cursed by every Hoover man who grasped its explosive possibilities. Also it revealed Mr. Moses—completely re-

¹The Amalgamated Center in Chicago should perhaps be excepted.

vealed him—not as the smart, shrewd, slick guy he is so widely believed to be, but as just an ordinary New Hampshire politician not above doing outrageous tricks in a campaign and not clever enough to know that that sort of trick is dangerous as well.

However, Herbert was much too strong for his campaign managers. Suffering mightily, bleeding from most of his pores but holding grimly to his carefully-thought-out policy of piously feeding the populace with ponderous platitudes, he came through with an electoral majority that has intensified the sourness of the present White House atmosphere, has relegated the Happy Warrior and his noble band of Raskobs, Moskowitzes, Proskauers and Shientags permanently to the rear, and left some of our most eminent New York financiers wondering how in the world they ever came to permit the noble notion of Mr. Owen D. Young as Secretary of State—and one or two other noble notions—to lure them away from the Republican fold. The simple explanation of this last is that, while these gentlemen have the trading instinct highly developed and possess acquisitive talents of undoubted robustness, they haven't very much else. In particular, they lack the ability to think clearly on politics for themselves. As a result of their effort to do so, it looks as though quite a number of more or less distinguished figures in finance, accustomed to have an *entrée* to the White House, will start off rather badly with the new administration. How they will finish is of course another question, but at the moment it would be inaccurate to describe the feelings of the larger factors in the financial world—both those who were for him and those who were not—as one of elation.

The compensating thought concerning all of this, to some of us, is that for a while at least in the new administration the White House will not be all cluttered up with Wall Street bankers slipping in and out of the mansion unnoticed, never passing through the executive offices, easily escaping the eagle "gentlemen of the press," smugly molding presidential messages and giving advice in general. None of the foregoing—or anyhow, very little—is intended as a crack at the Hon. Dwight Morrow, who, astonishingly enough, has done much less of this sort of thing than is supposed.

It will be a pleasant change, after next March, not to have quite such a big-money smell around Washington, and particularly around the White House. So far as this smell is concerned, there would have been little difference had the Happy Warrior been elected. He would have brought it in with him, too. He had become thoroughly accustomed to it in recent years.

Speaking of money and the money smell naturally makes one think of nice old Mr. Mellon and what's to become of him. I do not know. I have no Herbert confidence on the subject, no inside information, but I have an unhappy feeling that he is going to stay—at least for a while. I think I have previously pointed out in this place that the old gentleman wants to stay. Of his desire there is not a particle of doubt. Some time ago, I was convinced that the wishes of Mr. Mellon in this matter would not be the

wishes of Herbert. I knew there was no personal tie between them. On the contrary, upon several occasions Herbert, holding different views from those adopted by Mr. Mellon on certain subjects—notably foreign-debt arrangements and agreements—had pushed the Mellon views aside. It seemed to me altogether unlikely that, in the event of Herbert's success, Mr. Mellon would stay with us.

For several reasons, I should not now be surprised if the old gentleman lingered on. One is that it would be so much more convenient and easier for Herbert to reappoint him than make a change. It would unquestionably please the so-called "business and financial interests" to have Mr. Mellon retained. It would harmonize with the silly rot Herbert talked in the campaign about continuing the "Coolidge policies," about which I want to write a word or two later on. In brief, it would solve a high cabinet problem for him. Ogden Mills would naturally have to pretend to be satisfied, and he would still be hopeful.

The other reason I think the reappointment of Mr. Mellon likely is because of the helpfulness of the old gentleman in the course of the campaign. He happened to be the only member of the Coolidge Cabinet whose advocacy carried the least weight or conviction. He was willing to speak anywhere and as desired. He was willing to say anything desired—and did. His speeches—and this is a tribute to Mr. Mills—were written in better English than in the Winston days, and were fairly effective. They stiffened one or two wavering members of the billionaire brotherhood, who in turn stiffened a good many of the millionaire multitude.

One thing about this Herbert of ours which his giddy biographers uniformly omit to mention is the fact that he is an appreciative fellow. Notwithstanding his lack of personal cordiality with Mr. Mellon as a cabinet colleague, despite the coldness with which Mr. Mellon regarded his early struggles toward the nomination, and despite the fact that Herbert is under no delusions at all concerning the capacity of the sainted Andrew as an international financier, he does appreciate what he did in the campaign, and being appreciative he is, I think, more than apt to ask Mr. Mellon to stay. Herbert has a habit of "going through" for his friends, and by the end of the campaign, curious as it may seem, he regarded Mr. Mellon as his friend.

The only other comment on the campaign for which there is room in this article concerns that eleventh-hour telegram from the good Calvin to Herbert commending him for his St. Louis speech, eulogizing and endorsing him in a thoroughly satisfactory and not at all half-hearted manner, which contrasted greatly with his previous words, messages and statements. That telegram was effective, I think, for several reasons. It came just before the final Smith speech at Madison Square Garden, in which he had planned, I am told, to make a few caustic comments upon the failure of Mr. Coolidge to speak heartily for Herbert; it came so close upon the heels of the Moses *faux pas* that it helped keep that from becoming sensational, and it had all the appearance of spontaneity. Actually, of course, it was just as spontaneous as a tax bill. Actually, he had been urged and begged and pushed, pulled and prodded into

action, and the telegram, so I am credibly informed, was prepared two weeks before it became public. For more than that length of time they had been working on him to do something. Personally, I wish they had failed altogether. It would have made no difference at all in the result and Herbert would have no excuse for the painful pretense of gratitude which he seems to think ought to be kept up. At bottom I do not believe he is "grateful" at all, and he certainly has not the least reason to be.

Washington.

T. R. B.

Three Graces

This Year of Grace, books, lyrics and music by Noel Coward. Selwyn Theater, November 7, 1928.

I

MR. NOEL COWARD'S talents are already known in this country for numerous reasons, the best among which is that starry bit about Britannia and her waves that Miss Beatrice Lillie sang in the first "Charlot's Revue" that came to us from London. There is also his play, "The Vortex," which, without being an important piece, showed great talent and facility and a sense of dialogue far beyond the common in our playwriting; and there is a delicious comedy called "Hay Fever," blest with freshness of feeling and sharp eyes, a grace and charm that entitle it to more success than it achieved, and that made you begrudge him to the songs and revues in which he has shone. "This Year of Grace" is interesting partly because everything in it that could be called writeable—the speeches, songs and music—he wrote, and because, together with Miss Lillie, he tops the list of performers.

Compared to "Charlot's Revue" this of Mr. Coward's has less variety and range; and it has less of what might be called high, lusty spirits, as well as far less sentiment and lyricism. But out of that very last lack it follows that we have less stale sweetness and less of that tender music-hall balladry which I, for one, find almost too much to bear. And compared to "Charlot's," this revue has more sophistication and bite. The same motives and tricks in the parodies of plays, short flashes of satire in which audiences seem to delight are present; and there is the familiar number in which we see the same play as several dramatists would have written it. There are the same songs sung at the proscenium arch while a tableau goes on farther back, but somewhat wittier than "Charlot's"; and there are, of course, the same singing numbers, without the presence of the admired Miss Gertrude Lawrence, but with two applauded newcomers in Miss Madeleine Gibson, of the apple-blossom type of English beauty, and Miss Queenie Leonard, who has an amusing, heavy voice and some jazz talent. On the side of a graver comment on our life and times, nothing in "Charlot's" went half so far as the "Dance, Little Lady" number, in which we see the blank and empty masks and motions of the dancers, glittering and macabre and empty—a piece of invention that rises into startling dramatic imagination. There was not anything in "Charlot's" as charming as the Victorian numbers, which, taking a happy leaf out of the "Chauve Souris" of the Russians, exploit the polished weakness of our grand-

parents and the charming delights of their fashions. Nor was there any dancing in "Charlot's" so good as that of Mr. George Fontana, whose perfections made rather a hole in the rest of the stage movement at the Selwyn.

And yet on the whole, "Charlot's," certainly that first edition of it—with, it must be remembered, the help of Mr. Coward—was a more buoyant and hearty entertainment, with more humor and gusto, more likely to be loved.

Mr. Coward himself has an agreeable quality to bring to his work in such a field; in his introduction to the burlesque of the modern dance about the shepherdess, there was a twist that nobody else could give. It is not so much a matter of acting talent with him as of sophisticated intelligence and an agreeable sense that we have of the performer himself.

II

Any comparison between such a revue as "This Year of Grace" with an American revue goes farther than the sheer subject and on into the characteristics of the two countries, social, artistic and otherwise. Obviously the first thing about this English revue to strike us is the air of intimacy and house-party spirit that permeated the whole occasion. You are apt to be disarmed critically; if it is good you are pleased that the party is going so well, if it is bad you let it go, like Christmas—so long as everybody is happy. This effect derives in part from the fact that nothing is pushed very far, neither the ideas, the satire, the talents nor the execution. Compared with an American revue or musical comedy, the dancing is not a tenth so good, the costumes so elaborate, the settings so expensive or ambitious. There is not the same suggestion of talent. There is not the same effect of hard work and driving; this London effort seems to get more pleasure itself out of the evening that it provides for others. The net result of all this modesty of output, this ease of temper and exertion, and this rather casual technical equipment, is that we are thrown back on amiability, amusement and sentimental indulgence. We know that a certain amount of intention, conscious and unconscious of itself, has gone to the achievement of this amiable impression, and indeed some very shrewd knowledge of human nature, as well as good taste and good sense, but we feel also that there were some very nice people who thought up some of these numbers and motives.

In the matter of settings the simplicity of the London décor would strike anyone. This use of curtains instead of sets very often, this absence of expense, may serve to leave more room for the lines themselves or the songs or performers, or it may not. But a bad setting either simple or elaborate is a bad setting, and nothing more to be said; exactly as a good setting is a good setting, however cheap or costly. There is nothing so good in "This Year of Grace" as the theater scene in "Show Boat" with its reminiscence of other styles and other days, its gaudy whim and comic pathos and playfulness; but Miss G. E. Calthrop's settings for the Paris café in "Love, Life and Laughter," and for the English Lido Beach are far better than much of the luxurious décor in town.

As to the chorus and the general people, barring the three or more leading figures in this London revue, a curious observation could be made. Our stage people in the

same line, men and women, but the women especially, are infinitely better looking, they have better faces, better figures, better feet and hands, and appear to be many times as *soignés*. At the same time they look more like each other, more general and professional, more theater; they are, in fact, like masks. In "This Year of Grace" they look more individualized or, what is a better term for them, subjective. I won't say that most of them look particularly interesting or particularly admirable, but we could observe that, not being golden Ziegfeld girls, almost automata, those of them that are not interesting look all the more silly and abandoned for being self-conscious and subjective creatures, however slight; and those who are more interesting are still more so for being not part of the herd of perfection, but themselves.

III

The light of any revue where she was, no doubt, would be Miss Beatrice Lillie; and so strong is your prejudice in her favor that everything else about the entertainment goes reeling away from the shining point of her, and you are apt to judge its progress by her rise and fall.

In "This Year of Grace" there are, of course, the signs that this enterprise once existed without her. As it stands now, the opportunities provided for her display are not good enough. She has the number in the Paris café of the nineties, and she and Mr. Coward are capital in it; but it suggests many possibilities for more comic matter. The scene in boy's clothes at the clerk's desk cursing the business life and ending with the apple and the God damn nation is fair enough, if you have that sort of taste; for me it gives me only the wonder that such an artist in absolute comedy has not yet outgrown such melting moods. The scene on the bathing beach, where the channel swimmer who arrives every Friday appears and encounters sightseers, photographers and autograph hunters, is funny enough—every now and then quite peerless—but not on the whole up to her full bent. And the song "I Can't Think," a reminder of Miss Lawrence's famous song in the first "Charlot's," hits bottom, not for most performers, but for such a one as Miss Lillie. We let it go as personal weakness perhaps; it must be only natural, after being mused up and absurd time and again, that you should want to let the audience see that you are really charming looking, and well dressed—how much better than when she first came to these shores!—and that something of pretty wit, sauciness and gentle sentiment is in your breast.

But Miss Lillie's first number is a triumph. It is only a matter of an English lady taking a bus and laden with parcels and in the midst of the parcels three balloons. She tries for first place in the bus line, the balloons pop one by one, and one by one the buses pass, till we see her finally, the last of her parcels dangling and spilling at both ends, call for a taxi. In this number you see Miss Beatrice Lillie in her richest *milieu*, the middle-class world of the obtuse. Following this line there must be endless variations out of ordinary, foolish, sordid life that she could turn into this comedy of hers—when she presents that cross-current of primal motives and desires working in a stubborn, absent-minded body, still after things that she has forgotten wanting and not knowing what to do with them

when she gets them, Miss Lillie is immortal. At such moments every aspect of her, every gag, object and piece of clothing, and even the time at which one thing comes after another, take on such comic life as nobody else on our stage can create.

STARK YOUNG.

"Ten Days That Shook the World"

BEFORE you take your seat in the strange, silver, submarine glow of the Little Carnegie Playhouse, on Fifty-seventh Street, a rather cryptic leaflet is placed in your hands. It is headed briefly: "Ten Days That Shook the World, or our 'October,' by S. M. Eisenstein." This means that the U. S. S. R.'s tenth-anniversary film, "October," has been given, for American presentation, the title of Jack Reed's famous book. The leaflet goes on to apologize, in a curious esthetico-technical jargon, for the disappointment caused by "October" to the people who expected something bigger and better than "The Armored Cruiser Potemkin"—also directed by Eisenstein. I am sorry to record that I shared the disappointment. "October" does not live up to the promise of "Potemkin," and it is a long way from the imaginative depth and photographic beauty and unforgettable faces of "The End of St. Petersburg" (directed by Pudovkin), the first part of which remains, to my eye, the highest achievement in the art of the moving picture so far.

Translating Eisenstein's apology, with its references to "springy movement . . . modi . . . methodology . . . compositional angle . . . cinematographic rupture . . . transitory age . . . strata of two cine-epochs. . . ." into plain language, it appears that many Russians, delighted with the unity and flow of "Potemkin," found Eisenstein "tragically guilty" for having denied unity and flow to "October," thought that Eisenstein's gropings for a new method had been at the expense of the composition of the work as a whole.

It would be much fairer to contrast "October" with "The End of St. Petersburg" than with "Potemkin." The subject is sufficiently the same—the great days of the Bolshevik uprising and triumph. Pudovkin framed the gigantic convulsion around the peasant face of one insignificant man caught in its current. The coming of this peasant to St. Petersburg, his stupid betrayal of his fellow workers, his dumb fury, his small part in the revolutionary struggle, gave an uncanny unity to the scenes of fighting for the possession of a dark city. "October" has no such central point. It is built up out of a collection of what might be called imaginary news reels. It darts about Russia, rushes through time, skips whole pages of history to fasten its frenzied eye in turn on a battle cruiser coming up the Neva, on peasant women looting the wine cellars of the Tsar, on Kerensky solemnly shaking hands with the palace servants, on gigantic draw-bridges rising into the air, on the gesticulations of Lenin addressing a crowd, on sailors running up marble staircases with bayonets fixed, on meetings of the Soviet, on fraternization between Russian and German soldiers at the front, on bread-lines at the corners

of poor and foggy streets, on mobs running across open squares.

Individually, many of these pictures are magnificent. They are magnificent, however, as "stills" rather than moving pictures. Some of them are so refreshing, so startlingly beautiful or strange that one wants to say "hold it!" to the operator and gaze at them as one does at something hung in a gallery. I shall never forget the bread-line, the Neva at dawn, the faces in the Soviet. But the pictures in "The End of St. Petersburg" had another dimension which these lack—they changed, they flowed; they added, to space and depth, time also. They lasted many minutes, during which the composition, the action, constantly grew and widened and narrowed again and slipped imperceptibly from one mood into another. The pictures of "October" are more like a fascinating album of arresting snapshots. I think Eisenstein has fallen into the error—an error from which so much of "Potemkin" was free—common to most moving pictures, that of breaking our attention too short, of not letting us look long enough, of not leading us from one picture into the next, of turning the pages, rather than melting the pages slowly one into another. In this particular, "October" strikes me as a reversal rather than an advance into the new fields which Eisenstein explored in "Potemkin," and into which Pudovkin's "End of St. Petersburg" has gone further than anyone else.

Any film shot in Russia, whether its method be new or old, whether its total effect be successful or not, seems to me to have one enormous advantage over films shot in other countries. Selection has something to do with it, but by no means everything. The faces of the actors, of the least important units in the huge crowds, are not like the faces anywhere else. They may be comic, brutal, trivial, heroic or pathetic faces, but they are stamped with an individuality which says "I am the only face of its kind in the world, look at me again." And even if the faces of "October" are often rotogravure, news-reel faces when compared with the almost old-master quality of the faces in "The End of St. Petersburg," I look forward to seeing the film two or three times more for their sake.

It is difficult to disentangle, in all these Russian films, downright propaganda from a state of mind still colored by fear and partisanship. The Russians are still afraid, the terrible shadow of counter-revolution still causes their hair to stand on end and their voices to become shrill, and it is possible that their dramatic and moving-picture recreations of the birth of their revolution will always be more like manifestos than historical documents. But in this sense they are historical documents: they mirror quite accurately the belief and the emotions of the town proletariat and the leaders who made the Revolution. One would hope, of course, that the Russians might soon reach that state of mind in which it is no longer necessary for one's safety to hold one's former enemies in hysterical contempt. Kerensky was a ridiculous figure—but hardly as cowardly and absurd as "October" makes him out. There were, after all, reasons for his power and leadership. If Kerensky had delusions of grandeur and refused to look at the truth, he was also the kind of man who could make a soldier faint at a public meeting by the virulence of his

rebuke. But I do not expect a Bolshevik film to give him or any member of the defeated party credit for anything. Not for another forty or fifty years.

The Little Carnegie Playhouse, at which "October" is being shown, is something quite new in film houses and is well worth visiting for its own sake. Decorated in the very latest "modern" style—a style which 1940 will think of as "1928" rather than "modern"—it delights the eye with its silver and red and geometric novelty. The auditorium is particularly successful—soft metallic colors, flooded with dim opaque lighting, and a large clouded-glass skylight which suggests what the inhabitants of Atlantis might build for their own movies. I happened to see it at noon on a rainy Sunday, when its fresh gun-metal and poker-chip colors were unwarmed, unhidden by crowds of nondescript humanity.

It is a sort of club-house as well as film house, where you can come in out of the rain and sit down, and if you want to, go into a small, violent, breathless room and play chess or checkers. It is the newest "note" in all of new and noisy New York.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Music by Mutual Consent

IT IS always safe to bank upon the curiosity of New York concert-goers. The announcement that a new orchestra called the American Symphonic Ensemble had rehearsed without a conductor and would play in public without a conductor was sufficient to fill Carnegie Hall to overflowing on the evening of November 3. The audience was obviously looking for a novelty, and undeniably got it: more, perhaps, for the eye than they had expected to find, and surprisingly less for the ear.

What they saw was an organization of eighty-one players grouped, not as an orchestra is traditionally arranged, but in a hollow circle, the woodwinds on the innermost row, the brasses and percussions on the outermost, the violins at the front with their backs to the audience. There was no sign of, or from, a conductor. A few of the captious insisted that the concert-master was leading, but he was not; it would be unfair to apply the term "conducting" to his slight indications for starting and stopping. Even in a string quartet one player gives the signals.

What they heard was an orchestra whose body of tone was surprisingly mellifluous and well knit, considering its youth: the brasses good, the woodwinds fair, and the strings really admirable. It played an all-Beethoven program comprising the "Eroica" symphony, the violin concerto and the "Egmont" overture, with good tempi and shadings and generally good balance; safe, orthodox readings of a highly conventional program. On the whole, an interesting evening, and a provocative one.

What the new orchestra is all about, and what it plans to do, are best explained by this extract from its prospectus:

It is a thoroughly coöperative organization, governed by an executive committee of twelve elected by the musicians from their own number. . . . There is an Interpretation Committee of five members of the orchestra which decides questions of interpretation. Any member of the Ensemble may make his sugges-

tions to the committee. . . . It expects to be judged by the highest artistic standards. It feels that the elimination of a conductor removes the focal point of distraction for the audience. . . . It believes that an orchestra will derive greater personal joy from the music itself, and will give the listener a more inspired performance when each member has studied the score, and feels his own responsibility for the performance. . . . It aims to give performances in which the only individual to be glorified is the composer of the work presented.

With one clause of this credo I can instantly and enthusiastically agree. It was a relief not to have to watch a conductor, to be able to rest the eye upon an anonymous, music-producing mass, without having one's attention continually seduced by an isolated gesturing figure, whether awkward or graceful. For the spectator, certainly, the conductorless orchestra is all to the good.

I am not sure, however, that the price paid for this one relief is not too heavy. The performance on November 3 was spirited and interesting, but it never approached greatness. Nor do I believe that the short time the members had been together, while it accounts for many of the organization's technical and esthetic shortcomings, accounts for all of them. Many months of constant practice may eventually enable the orchestra to achieve complete homogeneity of tone color and perfect unanimity of attack and phrasing. But, an orchestra obviously being unable to listen to itself as a whole, I do not see how it would ever manage to preserve absolutely perfect instrumental balance throughout an entire program except by accident, or unless one of the members stood at a distance and listened in, during rehearsals—in which case he would be doing conductor's work.

So far as concerns interpretation, while it is quite possible that the American Symphonic Ensemble will play better than an orchestra under an incompetent or dull conductor (it did so the other night, as a matter of fact), I cannot believe that it will ever play as well as an orchestra under a master. The tone of the prospectus rather implies that a conductor is a man who keeps time for an orchestra, enforces an interpretation of the music in no wise better than that of any other member, and reaps a degree of credit altogether disproportionate to his merits. This is a fairly good definition of a poor conductor; but the assumption that every conductor is no better merely implies that the players have never performed under the baton of a good one. I do not believe that any committee of five can decide a point of esthetics as well as one gifted arbiter. I am positive, for example, that a performance of the "Eroica" symphony planned by a committee consisting of Messrs. Damrosch, Koussevitzky, Mengelberg, Stokowski and Toscanini would be far inferior to one planned and directed by any one of those men. Besides, since any member is free to suggest, why a committee of five? Why not one man, to collect and summarize the majority opinion, rather than a sort of electoral college?

Granted that there is a place for the conductorless orchestra, it will never be able to compete quantitatively with other less emancipated ensembles. The Beethoven program, I am told, required twenty rehearsals. A first-class conductor, confronting even an impromptu orchestra,

could have prepared it as well in three. Moreover, a Beethoven program is about as simple a task technically as any orchestra ever faces. I recognized familiar faces at many of the desks the other night, men who could probably play their parts of the "Eroica" from memory. How long would it take the organization to prepare satisfactorily a totally unfamiliar, rhythmically and harmonically intricate modern score?

Let us try a bit of mathematics. Assuming that practice and longer association allowed the conductorless orchestra to prepare a "standard" program in only ten rehearsals, then to prepare a six-months' season of forty-eight programs, including ten novelties at double rehearsing time (a very modest schedule for a symphony orchestra) would require $48 \times 10 + 100$ rehearsals, a total of 580 for a schedule that a conducted orchestra could meet with about a hundred. The first performance of "Le Sacre du Printemps" in America required twelve rehearsals by the Boston Symphony Orchestra; in proportion, the conductorless orchestra would need 120.

It might be of interest, too, to point out that under the rules of the musical union the players in salaried orchestras are paid for all rehearsals in excess of the ratio of one to a performance, whereas even the union could hardly compel the members of a coöperative organization to pay themselves for their own overtime. The players would, therefore, receive no financial return from their time except the receipts from performances.

There is one possible solution of the rehearsal problem. If the conductorless orchestra should make no attempt to play an extensive repertoire, contenting itself with two or three well rehearsed programs, it might conceivably make a comfortable living by touring. That, in the opinion of one hearer, is what—and all—it will eventually do.

DEEMS TAYLOR.

CORRESPONDENCE

Turner, Lichnowsky and Fay

SIR: In your issue of October 24, there is a review by Professor S. B. Fay of Prince Lichnowsky's book, "Heading for the Abyss" (translated from "*Auf dem Wege zum Abgrund*"), which you print under the caption "An Embittered Diplomat," and which ends with the statement, "Prince Lichnowsky's volume is more valuable as a source for the study of the psychology of a disappointed and embittered diplomat and gentleman-farmer than of the origins of the World War." It seems to me that such an estimate does less than justice to the author and to his book. Further, your reviewer's criticisms tend to make him out as a writer not to be relied on, though perhaps this tendency is less intentional than appears.

He says that more than half the volume consists of Lichnowsky's diplomatic despatches which have already appeared in "*Die Grosse Politik*" and in the "Kautsky Documents." I think there is every reason why many of these despatches should appear in this volume, since some of them are very interesting and important for the author's subject. He says that no "careful student" will be content to use this volume, because of incompleteness and because of the author's bias in selecting material. There is no reason to think that Lichnowsky pretends to supersede the great collections of sources, which, however, most general readers will not approach. Your reviewer states no instance of what he considers the bias to which he alludes. He says that the author does not indicate that documents have been omitted. On the contrary, the

author specifically points out in one place (page 318) that "owing to the mass of material bearing on this question [Bagdad Railway], considerable cuts have had to be made," while in a number of instances he refers to particular documents omitted for brevity's sake. On the other hand, Professor Fay does not relate that the author was unable to "make use of a number of extremely interesting letters of an official character" which he loaned to one of the editors of the "Kautsky Documents," and which "mysteriously vanished," concerning which Count Montgelas later expressed regret that they "should have got lost" (*Kriegsschuldfrage*, December, 1927). Entirely gratuitous, it seems to me, is your reviewer's assertion: "His aim is to prove, by an apparent appeal to documentary evidence, that he alone was right and all the Wilhelmstrasse officials were wrong." Nowhere, even by implication, does Lichnowsky give reason for such sweeping statements, which, of course, make him seem somewhat foolish.

Professor Fay quickly passes over theses which Lichnowsky emphasized in his despatches to Berlin and afterwards narrated in retrospective writings: that it was a mistake for Germany to encourage or assist Austria-Hungary's aggressive designs; that England desired peace to the last and strove for a good understanding with Germany but had resolved not to let France be crushed if Germany attacked her. It is not proper to suggest that Lichnowsky's opinions were largely developed after the conflict, and that criticism by his countrymen of his failure to keep England out of the War so embittered him that "it has affected the flavor of all his writings." The greater part of the contents of this volume was composed before August, 1914, and during those years he had repeatedly and unequivocally asserted in his despatches that England would do much to keep peace, but would certainly enter a war in which Germany attacked France.

Professor Fay seems to indicate, though I do not understand him to say it directly, that there is a "modicum of truth" in the idea that by a conference of ambassadors war might have been averted in 1914. Lichnowsky was strongly in favor of such a conference, and believed that so the conflict would have been avoided. It is well known that Sir Edward Grey sought a meeting of representatives of the powers to try to avoid war by compromise or understanding. It is also well known that Germany refused. It is matter of opinion whether "modicum" is the best word, but war had been so prevented in 1912-13, and Grey, Lichnowsky, and many others have blamed Germany in 1914, not for anything she did in such a conference, but because when it was proposed she refused any part whatever.

Many will think that Prince Lichnowsky speaks with high authority about numerous things concerning Germany and England, and that he has left behind him memorials that make a volume of absorbing interest. His writings show him less embittered than consistent, moderate and humane. He disapproved German actions that led to the War. He afterwards disapproved strongly of the terms of the peace. Hereafter some "revisionists" may come to think that altogether Germany's cause is well served by the culture and breadth of Lichnowsky.

RAYMOND TURNER.

Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

The Catalan Separatists

SIR: Colonel Francesc Macia, leader of the Catalan Separatist movement, accompanied by his secretary, the poet, Ventura Gassol, recently visited New York. His arrival direct from Havana, after a tour of propaganda to spread Catalan ideals throughout the Republics of Latin America, gave occasion to make patent one of the most interesting sides of Catalan Separatism, that is, the tendency to internationalize problems of this kind and to make them a part of world ideas and universal politics. . . .

On the occasion of this visit, these two Catalan figures wished to reveal to the liberal mind of America that the sentiments of Catalonia are not those of hatred or of narrow negative nationalism, but of positive values and cultural expression. This has been the attitude adopted in spreading propaganda throughout Latin America. Evidence that Catalan Separatism is based upon such ideals can be seen in the rage displayed by the Spanish

Directorate in destroying numerous schools, primary, secondary, technical and special, in the rendering destitute of three hundred professors, in the abolishing of the Catalan language from the kindergartens. All this was done on the ground that these were Catalan activities. Further proof that persecution in Catalonia affects not only the political opponents of the centralized power, but the intellectuals as well, is the exile of Macia and Gassol.

Catalonia, previously independent, and with a history, geography, language, and ethnic values enabling her to give a characteristic bent to her science, art and industries, desires to enjoy the right of any people to solve, as it sees fit, its problems of culture, political and social. It is for just such a right that all the Republics of America fought. Catalonia desires freedom that she may add the fruits of her efforts to the cooperative work for international peace.

JOSEPH GIBERNAN.

Secretary, the Committee of Catalan
Affairs and Information.

New York City.

The Next Step

SIR: While reflecting upon the results of the election, the idea occurred to me for what appears to be the next logical step in our political progress.

For many years the Republican party has based its campaigns upon the major issue of prosperity, and has argued that it alone possesses knowledge of the formula by means of which our standards of living can be raised. Under our democratic form of government the truth of this assertion has been proved many times. For many years, including the present one, when the issue has been clearly defined, a majority of the electoral vote and, usually, of the popular vote as well, has argued the democratic truth of the Republican party's claim.

It seems to me that this has gone far enough. This country has a reputation for efficiency to maintain before the eyes of the world, and it is unfitting that we should continue partisan political battles when the all-knowing people has spoken so frequently and so decisively. . . . Is it not time, then, to introduce and push through one more amendment to the Federal Constitution, to the effect that no citizen who has not been regularly affiliated with the Republican party for at least ten years—I make the period so short out of respect for Mr. Hoover—shall be eligible for any public office in the land?

Adoption of such an amendment, it seems to me, would assure prosperity forever, would greatly accelerate our progress toward a democratic Utopia, would once and for all demonstrate our abiding faith in the democratic form of government and, what is of major importance, would make the radio safe for Will Rogers and the Two Black Crows.

K. W. STILLMAN.

Upper Darby, Pa.

The American Caravan

SIR: Mr. Robert Morss Lovett is almost the only New York critic of the second "American Caravan," to date, who has not been staggered by its size into a state of intellectual helplessness and emotional resentment. His review of our yearbook is so patient and just and helpful that we feel urged to point out one or two important places where he fails to understand our expressed or implied aims. Since the success of the "American Caravan" assures its permanence, we feel that a reply to Mr. Lovett on these points may avoid an annual misunderstanding on the part of our reviewers.

Mr. Lovett believes he notes in the second "American Caravan" a change in editorial policy. He says "the original 'Caravan' was projected to bring to light the work of new and undiscovered writers," and he fears that the appearance of writers of more established reputation in our pages "may mark the loss of the original spirit."

As a matter of fact, no such change has taken place; our original manifesto was addressed to all American writers without regard to their age or reputation; and since, as literary men,

we wished to promote a sense of spiritual solidarity among our men of letters, we hoped from the first to include, through friendship and good will, the work of able men who felt in sympathy with our aims—even though their stories or plays found unconditional acceptance among other magazines and publishers.

In the first "Caravan" Mr. Eugene O'Neill gave us part of "Lazarus Laughed"; and Mr. Ernest Hemingway, at a considerable pecuniary sacrifice, gave us a short story. If we had fewer contributions like these in the first than in the second "Caravan" it was only because they did not offer themselves—not because we failed to solicit them. Since the "Caravan" is a cooperative venture, whose royalties are divided on a strictly *pro rata* basis, the appearance of established writers in our yearbook is a sign of that comradeship between young and old, tyro and master, which we look upon as necessary to the health of American letters.

Again: Mr. Lovett observes that "another definite break with the declared policy of the 'Caravan' is shown by the inclusion of excerpts from works soon to be published elsewhere." So far from this being a break, we have emphasized in every announcement our desire to publish "work-in-progress"; and we are happy to add that the acceptance of such fragments by the "Caravan" has in more than one case hastened the publication of the whole work through other channels. This is part of our service to the writer: for we see in the "Caravan" the nucleus of a genuine guild.

While Mr. Lovett happily notes all the new writers the "Caravan" has brought forward, he seems to feel that the "Caravan" should properly represent a single age-group or a single point of view. This is precisely contrary to our intention. We are not the organ of any particular group or school: we seek to judge the work submitted to us entirely from the standpoint of its esthetic vitality and wholeness: our aim is to make the "Caravan" representative of America—an America that includes H. D. and Robert Frost, Sherwood Anderson and John Herrmann—rather than to make it mirror any one set of choices or desires or potentialities.

Our indifference to conventional requirements as to length, and our hospitality to every aspect of the American imagination, fresh or orthodox, experimental or classic, give the "Caravan" a variety and a studied absence of direction which has proved bewildering to the reviewers. It is by its inclusiveness, rather than by its negations and rejections, that the "American Caravan" has found its special shape. To endeavor to trap the "Caravan" into a formula or a tendency is as fruitless as the effort to put America itself into such a generalization. The critic may, of course, reasonably differ with our aims, or question our success in fulfilling them: but he should not, we think, ignore them or father upon the editors intentions they have never expressed.

In sum, the second "American Caravan," whether it be better or worse than the first, is essentially the same; and until some other group with greater skill or devotion preempts the place we have taken, we shall conduct the "Caravan" on these lines. We have been damned by our New York *confrères* for a dozen contradictory reasons; and we feel that perhaps the greatest strength of the "Caravan" lies in our reconciliation of opposites. In a fragmental and disordered America, we have given to our writers and our intelligent public a common meeting place.

ALFRED KREYMBORG.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

New York City.

Lord Morley's Resignation

SIR: I wish to express my gratitude for "On the Eve of Catastrophe," by Lord Morley, published in the New Republic for October 10. That poignant memorandum is alone worth a year's subscription to the New Republic. Alas, if the different European governments had had several such statesmen like John Morley! *There would have been no war.* Economic determinism notwithstanding.

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON, M. D.

Paris, France.

The Career of an Aristocrat

The Life of Lord Curzon. Being the Authorized Biography of George Nathaniel, Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Ronaldshay. New York: Horace B. Liveright. Three vols. 1,199 pages. \$15.

THE title page, repeated in these three distinguished volumes, sounds the theme which, like the fate motive in Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony," in its simple finality, occurs constantly among the variations and elaborations of an extraordinarily interesting career. Lord Ronaldshay's biography is valuable, it is true, in its lucid account of many events and situations in which Lord Curzon participated; but its significance is far greater as the description and interpretation of a character which expresses to the full an ideal and a way of life which we recognize as aristocratic.

George Curzon was born at Kedleston, the seat of his ancestors, in 1859. He was the eldest son of the Reverend Alfred Curzon, fourth Baron Scarsdale. His inheritance was thus from the two chief institutions of English aristocracy, the peerage and the Church. He was sent to Eton, where he enjoyed the nurture of Oscar Browning, and to Balliol, which under Jowett was the home of that tradition which had been dominant in English education since Sir Thomas Elyot wrote his "Boke of the Governour." It was the Balliol of Lansdowne, Loreburn, Oxford and Asquith, Milner and Grey of Falloden. In these prophetic years Curzon showed an extraordinary appetite for emulation and distinction. At Eton he was Captain of the Oppidans, won seventeen first prizes, and was "sent up for good" on twenty-three occasions. He added to the zest of these triumphs, and cultivated at the same time a certain habit of disdain, by a maneuver, thrice repeated, of haughtily withdrawing from a class in consequence of some quarrel with the instructor, and self-prepared, returning for the examination, to bear away the prize. At Oxford he was President of the Union, and Secretary of the Canning Club, which he revived as the center of conservatism in the University; but, largely owing to overconfidence, he failed of his first class. In these successes and failures it is interesting to note how he was alternately upborne by the applause and anticipation of his friends, and comforted by their excuses and condolences. He left Oxford, one of the men marked by common expectation for the highest distinction in British political life—the premiership.

Curzon entered the House of Commons in 1886, and held two undersecretaryships, for India and Foreign Affairs, meanwhile preparing himself for a career of imperial statesmanship by two journeys round the world. In 1898 he became Viceroy of India, a position in which his genius found its most complete expression. He was a tireless administrator. "Efficiency in administration," he said in one of his speeches, "is a synonym for the contentment of the governed." He won native public opinion by his energy in dealing with famine relief, and particularly by his justice in punishing outrages against the natives by English functionaries and soldiers—and by the latter he lost, correspondingly, the favor of the English population. His love of splendor and his ceremonial zeal found expression in the Durbar of 1903; but the occasion was marred for him when the Ninth Lancers, a British cavalry regiment which he had disciplined for covering up the killing of a native cook, rode by amid a storm of cheering from the European spectators. His popularity with the

native press was blighted by certain administrative policies, particularly that known as the partition of Bengal. The nationalist movement in India was assuming formidable proportions, and Curzon was little fitted to understand it, or to sympathize with it. Lord Ronaldshay says quite candidly: "It was wholly in keeping with his almost patriarchal conception of the relation between himself and the India of his vision, that he should have come to believe that his own judgments of what was in her interests were the judgments of the Indian people." This patriarchal conception led him not only into conflict with Indian opinion, but with that of the British Cabinet. He could work with the second as little as with the first. He had urged the appointment of Lord Kitchener as Commander-in-Chief in India, but when the latter arrived, he found that he had raised for his confusion a spirit as stubborn as his own. Kitchener wanted to make the army independent of the constant supervision of the Military Member of the Viceroy's Council. The administrative mind met the military mind and was vanquished. Curzon could not comprehend the political exigencies, in both home and foreign affairs, which made it impossible for the Cabinet to turn Kitchener down. After a series of misunderstandings, and when, indeed, a compromise seemed to have been found, he resigned in the midst of his second term and returned to England.

Lord Ronaldshay's third volume is concerned with Curzon's activities as President of the Royal Geographical Society and Chancellor of Oxford, his return to politics with the War as member of the Coalition Cabinet, his direction of the Shipping Control Committee and the Air Board, and of Foreign Affairs. In these years his administrative talent had full vent, but it is clear that his executive ability showed increasingly its limitations. It is true, he was ill, unhappy, driven by his own conscientiousness into excesses of overwork; and this accounts in part for the lack of stability and indecision in his mental processes, of which Lord Ronaldshay gives many instances. As President of the Anti-Suffrage League he spoke fiercely against Woman Suffrage, but he insured the success of the measure by voting for it in the House of Lords. His attitude toward the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms in India and the Milner proposals for Egypt showed the same unhappy ambiguity. As Secretary for Foreign Affairs, which office he took over from Balfour during the Peace Conference and continued to hold, he had the task of Castlereagh in the years following the Congress of Vienna, the greatest that could fall to an English Foreign Secretary. A comparison of the problems and policies of the two would be interesting. A crucial difference lies in the fact that Castlereagh held a strong hand—the greatest soldier in Europe in command of the army of occupation, while in Curzon's day the ace of trumps was in Clemenceau's hand and Poincaré's. Curzon had as the chief object of his policy the maintenance of the alliance with France, and as the most difficult field of its exercise, the Near East. He submitted to Lloyd George's interference in encouraging the Greeks to advance in Anatolia, and the mutual recrimination which followed their defeat nearly broke the Anglo-French Alliance. With Lloyd George eliminated by the withdrawal of the Tories from the coalition, he was able to conduct the painful and dubious negotiations with the Turks at Lausanne to a conclusion which at least avoided war. One last humiliation was in store for him. When Mr. Bonar Law retired from the premiership, and past prophecy and present service marked Lord Curzon as his successor, the King sent for Mr. Stanley

Baldwin. The reason given was that, in view of the strength of the Labor party, which was unrepresented in the Lords, the head of the government must be in the Commons. There was no concealment of the fact that Lord Curzon resented this failure to crown his career as a deep injustice, but he continued in office until the defeat of the Ministry in 1924. What contributed to his bitterness of spirit was doubtless the reflection that he had made his own bed with the peers. On returning from India he had not thought it conformable to the dignity of an ex-Viceroy to go into the scramble for a seat in the House of Commons, and had procured an election to the Lords as representative of the Irish Peerage.

Lord Curzon was always regarded as preëminent in his type. An American contemporary at Oxford wrote him: "You were the only man I found who perfectly filled my ideal of what a young representative of the Conservative, and especially the aristocratic party should be." Every trait contributed to complete this ideal, to emphasize the distinction which was the source of the confidence with which his friends looked forward to a future for him of the highest things. He had indeed the power of the aristocrat to win devotion. "To the generality of mankind he was ambitious, self-confident, amazingly industrious, haughty, coldly aloof"; but this habit was broken through at times by a charm which was the more winning because of its rarity—and with his friends he had an "almost Bohemian sociability." To them he expressed himself with humor and vivacity, and as his associates in office were frequently his personal intimates, his official correspondence has a liveliness worthy of the English tradition. Probably the best known illustration of his wit is a comment (sometimes attributed to Balfour) on a despatch which stated that, in the general demoralization, the priests of Mount Athos were violating their vows. A slip of the typewriter made "vows" read "cows," to which Lord Curzon noted in the margin: "Better send them a Papal bull." His humor, however, fell short of including himself. In his personal letters there is a constant strain of self-pity. Physical suffering and overwork are sufficient excuse for this; but there is no doubt that he was abnormally sensitive, and as he aspired to more than did other men, so he suffered more in failure.

And his failure was as conspicuous as his ambition, seen in the contrast between his industry and ability, and the poverty of the results which they produced, between the brilliancy of his exposition of a situation, and his feebleness in dealing with it. Lord Ronaldshay finds the explanation in the fact that Curzon's interest was in analysis and presentation, not in action, "in the past and in the present rather than in the future; and just as the interest of a man engaged in fitting together the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle comes to an end with the completion of the picture, so did Lord Curzon's interest wane when his case had been presented." There is a suggestion here of a brilliant amateurism, which is belied by the seriousness with which Curzon took his position. But that Curzon was interested in the past rather than the future is true—it appears in the fascinated gaze that he turned to the monuments of India's past compared with the perfunctory consideration of her future. He had the historical rather than the political imagination. With the best ideals and most thorough training of the aristocrat, he found himself at a loss in a democratic age, powerful in analysis, weak and confused in action, a self-betrayed Cassandra amid the ruins of his Trojan world.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Ten Years Ago

Rasputin, or the Holy Devil, by René Fülöp-Miller. Translated from the German by F. S. Flint and D. F. Tait. New York: The Viking Press. 386 pages. \$5.

The Intimate Life of the Last Tsarina, by Princess Catherine Radziwill. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press. 325 pages. \$5.

JOURNALISM is the department of literature, let us say, in which events so recent as to be within history's zone of blindness are narrated or discussed. Everything written about the Russian Revolution is necessarily, by this definition, journalism, and as such is doomed to perish as the years bring fuller evidence and clearer judgment. It was only ten years ago that Alexandra Fyodorovna and her luckless family were stormed away by the tempest which history had prepared for them through the centuries. It was but twelve years ago next month that Rasputin died in the palace of Felix Felixovich Yusupov. Every year produces new evidence of importance on every part of the revolutionary epic, and nothing which has yet been written about those burning years can be said to be definitive.

Herr Fülöp-Miller's book about Rasputin displays the full truth of this statement. In all its amazing vigor and thoroughness, it cannot fully cover a subject which is still partly unexplored. How could Herr Fülöp-Miller foresee that in 1928, a year after his book appeared in Germany, the Soviet government would publish the private papers of Anna Alexandrovna Virubova and release a flood of new light on Rasputin?

But within the limits of the possible Herr Fülöp-Miller has done so well that no fault at all can be found with him. The story he has to tell is superb—a story infinitely darker, richer and more splendid than any novelist could imagine. The Siberian peasant who came to Petersburg and ruled Russia through that Byzantine trio, Nicholas II, Alexandra Fyodorovna, and Anna Alexandrovna Virubova, was neither a mountebank nor a complete scoundrel. Fülöp-Miller has told his story and examined his character with that combination of imaginative resource and thorough scholarship which makes him, to this reviewer's way of thinking, the finest journalist in the world. "Rasputin" is a book which dislodges everything previously written on the subject, and which (like Herr Fülöp-Miller's other books) is a simple necessity for anybody who wishes to understand the Russia of 1917. What is more to the point for the average reader, it is one of the rare works which have no dull moments—it is fluent, spacious, and exciting.

Madame Radziwill's book about Alexandra Fyodorovna is another thing again. It, too, is journalism, but of a singularly worthless variety. The author has understood neither the Empress nor the Revolution. She is prejudiced, inaccurate, and devoid of the judgment necessary for the weighing of evidence. She flatly accuses Izvolsky of lying about an important incident of Nicholas II's accession, because Pobyedonostsev "himself" (what a perfume of the Anichkov Palace is in that "himself"!) gave her a different version. She offers no reason for her choice of one man's testimony over another's. Some of her critical opinions would be funny if they were not so irritating. She thinks Queen Victoria was "perhaps the best politician and diplomat of her time" and that the Empress Frederick was "one of the cleverest women in Europe," that Nicholas II had a "feeble mind," and that Alexandra Fyodorovna on her

wedding day was "the most perfect vision of loveliness that had ever appeared before the eyes of men." She also remarks that "it was gossip that caused the Revolution." Her writing is as sloppy as her critical judgment, and when she has to speak of death she refers to it as "the great Reaper." Obviously she had no personal acquaintance with the Empress, whom she appears to have detested almost as much as she detests Anna Virubova, and thus the book has no documentary value except as an evidence of the extraordinary incapacity of the Russian (or Polish!) *émigré* mind. There is a public for this sort of thing at Hollywood in California, but it is difficult to understand why good publishers go on printing such chatty nonsense by *ci-devant* aristocrats. One feels that there ought to be a law.

VINCENT SHEEAN.

Morals and Politics

The Pragmatic Revolt in Politics, Syndicalism, Fascism, and the Constitutional State, by W. Y. Elliott. New York: The Macmillan Company. 540 pages. \$3.75.

PRACTICATISTS should feel flattered by the vigorous and varied offspring for which they are held responsible by Professor Elliott: there is, first of all, the syndicalist faith in direct action, then the guild socialist pluralism and federalism, then the organic theory of law held by Duguit and other jurists, and lastly the opportunistic dictatorships by Bolshevism and Fascism. The author knows, of course, that actually syndicalism derives its philosophic inspiration from Bergson, Guild Socialism from the Labor party, Duguit from positivism, Bolshevism from Hegel inverted by Marx, and Fascism from at least all of these. Nevertheless, he insists that they are all tainted with pragmatism, since they are all movements of direct-action, of anti-intellectualism, and of anti-constitutionalism. With remarkable dexterity he threads his way through these intricacies of modern politics and political speculation until the whole field is neatly arrayed into two opposing camps. On the one side stand the romantics—Sorel, Duguit, Cole, Dean Pound, Justice Holmes, Mussolini, and one-half of Mr. Laski, under the generalship of James and Dewey; on the other, stand the rationalists, T. H. Green, Hobhouse, Croce, the Master of Balliol, and the other half of Mr. Laski. Unfortunately, this entertaining battle is called off by the discovery on the part of Mr. Elliott that both sides are right. The pragmatists are right in championing the plurality of social instruments; the intellectualists, in defending the community of moral ends. Political society is the combination of these two elements. This discovery is called the "co-organic" theory—"co" for common ends and "organic" for various organs.

It is not easy to ferret out the nigger in so large a woodpile. But here he is: *individual moral responsibility*. Morality is at stake! Over and above our "blind interests," Mr. Elliott assumes, we must have "normative purposes." And therefore society cannot be merely federal, a "polyarchy" of organized interests, but must be subjected to the rule of constitutional law. It is not enough, for example, that the first violinist finds it useful to glance at the conductor now and then; he must constantly realize that his loyalty to the conductor is the expression of his own free will to play in concert with his neighbor's cello. In the same way a sovereign constitution is the objective expression of the common purposes of free moral agents,

and any state which tries to get along without a constitutional government, whatever be its pragmatic success, is doomed to moral bankruptcy.

There may be still some honest souls whom this argument may move, who shudder at the thought of living without moral purposes, who think it blasphemous even to ask whether or not it pays to hire congress, courts and constitution, and who prefer to say "I am loyal to my constitution" rather than "I am willing to pay for legal services." But most citizens and all politicians are apt to become suspicious of a law that needs moral support.

The truth of the matter is that this traditional preaching is assuming a hollow tone. Behind it lies a purely academic and abstract idea of "force" as something inherently evil, as an "imposition" on the "will." Given this notion of force and granted that the State has a monopoly of it (since all other associations are theoretically voluntary), it follows inevitably that the State is either a radical evil or else a moral discipline. The dialectics of this dilemma are by now quite threadbare. Sooner or later the "individual will" and the "coercive force" of political theory must give way to a more realistic conception of will in terms of actual (not "normative") interests and of force in terms of economic (not penal) mechanisms of control. Naturally in this case the free moral agent will be lost in a maze of struggling interests, and responsibility will need to be fixed experimentally; moral ends will become indistinguishable from actual wants; and politics will come down from its pedestal. Government will be forced to compete on a level with other forms of business. But whether such a social philosophy is to be called romantic and anti-intellectual, or whether the defender of constitutional morality is himself the romantic hero, the champion of a noble but feudal lady-love, I leave to the reader's judgment and to that phantom public which presides over the destinies of a fleeting moral order.

HERBERT W. SCHNEIDER.

Comedy of Time

Orlando, by Virginia Woolf. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

THIS is the comedy that Mrs. Woolf has made out of one of the antic discoveries of the new philosophers. Not too much surprise need be allowed us: Mrs. Woolf has before this shown a quiet aptitude for harnessing the random intellectual currents of the age to the uses of literature; no modern writer has betrayed a more restless necessity for progression than is to be traced throughout her work. Nor should we stress too much the novelty of a design which has been suspended in the contemporary air for some time, a design derived from a rather simple metaphysical idea that has served Miss Gertrude Stein for years and is now at the bottom of Mr. Joyce's feats of legerdemain with the Aryan family of languages. All this makes it none the less notable that Mrs. Woolf should now contract where formerly she expanded the time element in human affairs; none the less extraordinary that her hero was born during the reign of Elizabeth, lived on through the reigns of James and Charles, changed sex one night in Constantinople some time in the seventeenth century, and is living this moment in England, a very up-to-date young woman of thirty-six. These are anomalies out of which Mrs. Woolf weaves something at once grander and finer than anything she has yet done; a fresco

of a whole race through one of its members, almost of all history through a single mind and heart. She makes of our notions of time as serviceable a yardstick for plumbing illusions as Swift made of our notions of stature. Some will indeed insist that she has not made the richest use of her possibilities (the alteration of sex, for example); that opportunities for instruction, for satire, for fun even, are ruthlessly ignored; that the book should be twice or three times its length. Others (the question is more pointed) may inquire whether Mrs. Woolf has not abandoned her long pursuit of reality and sought refuge in a hypothesis. Never once, these may protest, with all her chattering about life, of what life is and is not made, of its strange and unpredictable chemistry—never once does she create for us the living tissue itself. For these it may not be sufficient to remark that Mrs. Woolf is a poet with a sense of humor. If she does not achieve that which the major line of writers often have the appearance of achieving, it may not be entirely that the power is denied her. It may be that an intellect schooled in several centuries of skepticism is wary of the eager affirmations of the heart. For Mrs. Woolf's intellect is ever glittering through the page, bowing, parrying, arranging the flowers of her perceptions with a grace that forestalls all objections as it discourages all praise. The product of such a mind can be neither quite fiction nor quite criticism. It is for that reason difficult to apply to it any of the traditional critical canons; the work is unusual in a deeper sense than the mere novelty of its pattern. If it belongs to any tradition it is to the small secret tradition which harbors such works as "Gulliver's Travels" and "Tristram Shandy" and "Candide," among which works it may finally stand, to the almost certain amusement of Orlando's biographer, a masterpiece.

WILLIAM TROY.

New Songs for New Voices

New Songs for New Voices. Edited by Louis Untermeyer and Clara and David Mannes. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 258 pages. \$5.

TO present contemporary childhood with an utterance is to present one's own definition of the modern child—surely not an easy undertaking—and it is first of all, then, as a genuinely sympathetic and penetrating account of these younger members of our society that this collection is conspicuous. It is a pleasure to find that most of the songs here included avoid successfully the mannerisms of conscious simplicity, and to recognize the spontaneity of the impulse which has produced almost all of them. There is little of affectation or even of the insistent whimsicality so frequently encountered in the work of clever artists who are for the moment engaged in being child-like. There is, rather, a large number of attractive little poems, decidedly appealing reflections of the varied emotional episodes of juvenile life, furnished with good tunes simply but considerably developed. Since childhood is more accessible in its literary than in its musical aspects, the texts are perhaps on the whole more happily inspired than the music: notable among the poems are "Cock-A-Doodle-Do!" by Richard Kirk, "The Fawn in the Snow," by William Rose Benét, and "Finis," by Henry Newbolt—but then, there are so many good ones. Of the music, "My Master Hath a Garden," by Randall Thompson, and "Three Policemen," by Leopold D. Mannes, are among the best. The songs are vivaciously interspersed

with drawings by Peggy Bacon, the quickness and gentleness of whose satire is endlessly amusing.

E. F.

American Particles

Seven Days Whipping, by John Biggs, Jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

Costumes by Eros, by Conrad Aiken. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

Squad, by James B. Wharton. New York: Coward-McCann. \$2.

Nothing Is Sacred, by Josephine Herbst. New York: Coward-McCann. \$2.

IT HAS been said that one difference between English and American writers is that Americans publish everything they write, or try to; whereas the English write mostly for the wastebasket. If this were true, it might explain a good many of our first novels, though some English ones would still be unaccounted for. Mr. Biggs' second novel, "Seven Days Whipping," aroused this train of thought, for his first was so bad that, in comparison with his second, it now seems doubly premature. "Seven Days Whipping" tells of the events of twenty-four hours in the life of a most respectable Delaware judge: he sentences an outlandish squatter, is haunted by an Indian mysteriously intent on making him accept a dead deer; becomes a father; and shoots the Indian. The succession of events appears improbable, but the judge's increasingly nervous state of mind links them together plausibly enough. If we are not quite convinced of the story's truth, at least we feel that it might have happened so. Mr. Biggs' first book was an attempt to do something big in a big way. "Seven Days Whipping" is an essay in the opposite direction; and though it is a humbler job than his first, it is much better done.

Of Mr. Aiken's fourteen stories and sketches contained in "Costumes by Eros," three are above magazine-average. "Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!" is the story of a ship-board affair between a young Irish cook on vacation and an architect. "The Woman-Hater," a medley of the manners of Scott Fitzgerald and Hemingway, tells of a chorus girl and three Harvard medical students; "I Love You Very Dearly" is a letter from an old rip to his daughter who is contemplating divorce. Mr. Aiken's characters are almost all intellectualized—or rather, not sufficiently embodied—to the point where they cease to exist the moment their page is turned. When they act, it is with an evident effort; they would much rather be talking, defining their emotional states. And the emotional chaos of Mr. Aiken's people is too often only a kind of hay-fever of the brain. His good angel, in the form of Katherine Mansfield at her simplest, visits him infrequently—but then their collaboration is happy. Mr. Aiken's intelligence would be a great help to some writers, but intelligence will not supply your characters with bowels.

"Squad" is a fairly hard-boiled and vivid account of the vicissitudes of eight members of the A. E. F. in France. The eight are types rather than individuals, and apparently chosen for their dissimilarity: a Swede from Texas, a high-school boy from San Francisco, a Serbian miner from Pennsylvania, a boy from Oklahoma, a New York East-Side Jew, a Philadelphia Italian, an Irish roustabout, and the corporal (significantly) from Ohio. With a persistence that somewhat strains our credulity, the squad is thinned out, man by man, until finally only the corporal is left;

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T. S. MATTHEWS.

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Uncle Tom Pudd, by Laurence Housman. New York: Brentano's. \$2.

UNCLE TOM PUDD is presented to us as a harmless scoundrel of winning ways and large imagination. "Moral attitudes," he says, "are only physical; if we were invisible we should have no morals at all." He and his wife hate each other heartily, and wage a life-long guerrilla warfare. What irony there is in the story consists in making Uncle Tom the hero. Mr. Housman is a pleasant enough story-teller, but sentimentality takes most of the savor from his salt. Uncle Tom Pudd would be a more engaging wretch if he were not quite so sweet.

T. S. M.

The Golem, by Gustav Meyrink. Translated from the German by Madge Pemberton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

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R. H.

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